TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

The Saturday Review of Literature

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY GREENEVILLE, TENN.

VOLUME XXIX No. 50 DECEMBER 14, 1946 FIFTEEN CENTS

Ruth Benedict, author of "The Chrysanthemum and the Sword." *(See page 11)*

"The Long Arm of Coincidence"

By LEONARD BACON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE SAMPLE

HERE IS EXACTLY 1/368th OF WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO GET WHEN YOU GIVE THE NEAREST BOOKSELLER $3.95 FOR A COPY OF LOUIS UNTERMEYER'S NEW 736 PAGE BOOK

A TREASURY OF LAUGHTER

From *The Treasurer's Report* by Robert Benchley.

I shall take but a very few moments of your time this evening, for I realize that you would much rather be listening to this interesting entertainment than to a dry financial statement . . . but I *am* reminded of a story—which you have probably all of you heard.

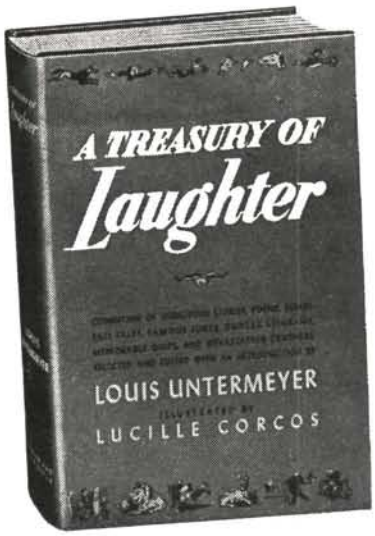
It seems that there were these two Irishmen walking down the street when they came to a—oh, I should have said in the first place that the parrot which was hanging out in *front* of the store—or rather belonging to one of these two fellows—the *first* Irishman, that is—was—well, *anyway*, this parrot—

(*After a slight cogitation, he realizes that, for all practical purposes, the story is as good as lost; so he abandons it entirely and, stepping forward, drops his facile, story-telling manner and assumes a quite spurious businesslike air.*)

Now, in connection with reading this report, there are one or two points which Dr. Murnie wanted brought up in connection with it, and he has asked me to bring them up in connec—to bring them up.

On a *Politician* by Hilaire Belloc.

Here, richly, with ridiculous display,
The Politician's corpse was laid away.
While all of his acquaintance sneered
and slanged,
I wept: for I had longed to see him
hanged.



From *Anecdotes of the Great and Near Great.*

As Secretary of State, Cordell Hull never passed judgment without examining all the evidence. On one of his western trips he and a friend were looking out of the window when they observed a large flock of sheep.

"Those sheep have just been shorn," said his friend.

"Well," said the cautious statesman, "at least on this side."

* * * * *

President Coolidge, who, said Alice Longworth, "looked as though he had been weaned on a pickle," was so laconic that his brevity of speech became proverbial. Even his wife could get little but the barest responses from him. One Sunday after returning from church to the White House, where his wife was confined with a cold, he was asked whether he enjoyed the sermon.

"Yes," said the President.

"And what was it about?" asked Mrs. Coolidge, trying to engage him in conversation.

"Sin," said Coolidge.

"But what did he *say?*" she persisted.

"He was against it."

From the section on *School Days.*

Education has always been fair game for the funsters. Classroom jokes are relished equally by the graduate and by the badly educated—which includes most of us. There are two main variations: the traditional Teacher and Johnny pattern, and the more recent and more unpredictable twist inspired by the modern progressive school.

In the second category, there is the tale of the mother who wished to enter her child in an up-to-the-minute kindergarten. But the child was only five, and the age requirement was six. "I think," said the mother, "she can pass the six-year-old test."

"We shall see," said the examiner. Then, to the child, "Dear, just say a few words that come into your mind."

"Mother," said the five-year-old candidate, "does the lady want logically connected sentences or purely irrelevant words?"

Stage Directions from *The Upholsterers* by Ring Lardner.

(*A public street in a bathroom. A man named Tupper has evidently just taken a bath. A man named Brindle is now taking a bath. A man named Newburn comes out of the faucet which has been left running. He exits through the exhaust. Two strangers to each other meet on the bath mat.*)

From the section on *Jewish Logic.*

The Schnorrer is, to put it meagerly, a beggar. But he is a beggar plus tradition, a beggar with a combination of dignity and effrontery, a beggar with joy in his calling and pride in his craft. He accepts gratuities not as a dole, but as his right.

One of the stories which illustrates the Schnorrer's pride is at least a hundred years old and concerns an encounter with Baron Rothschild.

"Look," said the great philanthropist, "you know you will receive your weekly gift, so it's not necessary to whine so much about your condition. A little less cringing, a little less sniveling would be better not only for your patrons but for you."

"Baron Rothschild," said the Schnorrer stiffly, "I don't teach you how to be a millionaire. Please don't teach me how to schnorr!"

FOR THE MERRIEST OF CHRISTMASES, GIVE THIS MERRIEST OF BOOKS:

This free sample is just a canapé-size appetizer for the royal feast of laughter in this wildly funny 736 page book. It is the first anthology to cover the entire field of modern English and American humor. It contains the funniest prose and verse of 72 of the funniest people who ever wrote in the English language from P. G. Wodehouse, Finley Peter Dunne and Eric Knight to James Thurber, F.P.A., Clarence Day, and Ogden Nash, plus 100 drawings by Lucille Corcos.

PRICE $3.95 · SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

December 14, 1946

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield

Articles

PAGE

"THE LONG ARM OF COINCIDENCE"
By Leonard Bacon..... 9

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE: CHRISTMAS, 1946
By Mary Gould Davis.....28

Reviews

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM AND THE SWORD
By Ruth Benedict
Reviewed by Mark Starr.....11

CONGRESS AT THE CROSSROADS
By George B. Galloway
Reviewed by T. V. Smith.....12

BALZAC
By Stefan Zweig
Reviewed by Robert Pick.....13

THE BLUE FLOWER
Edited by Hermann Kesten
Reviewed by F. C. Weiskopf.....14

THE MEMORIAL
By Christopher Isherwood
Reviewed by John Woodburn.....15

LOVE
By Walter de la Mare
Reviewed by Bernard Sobel.....16

THE DIM VIEW
By Basil Heatter
Reviewed by Merle Miller.....17

THE MAGICIAN AND OTHER STORIES
By Bruno Frank
Reviewed by F. C. Weiskopf.....27

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

LITERARY I.Q.....14

LITERARY CRYPT.....15

EDITORIAL 18

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....19

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....20

HEARING THINGS
By Paul Henry Lang.....24

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....26

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....32

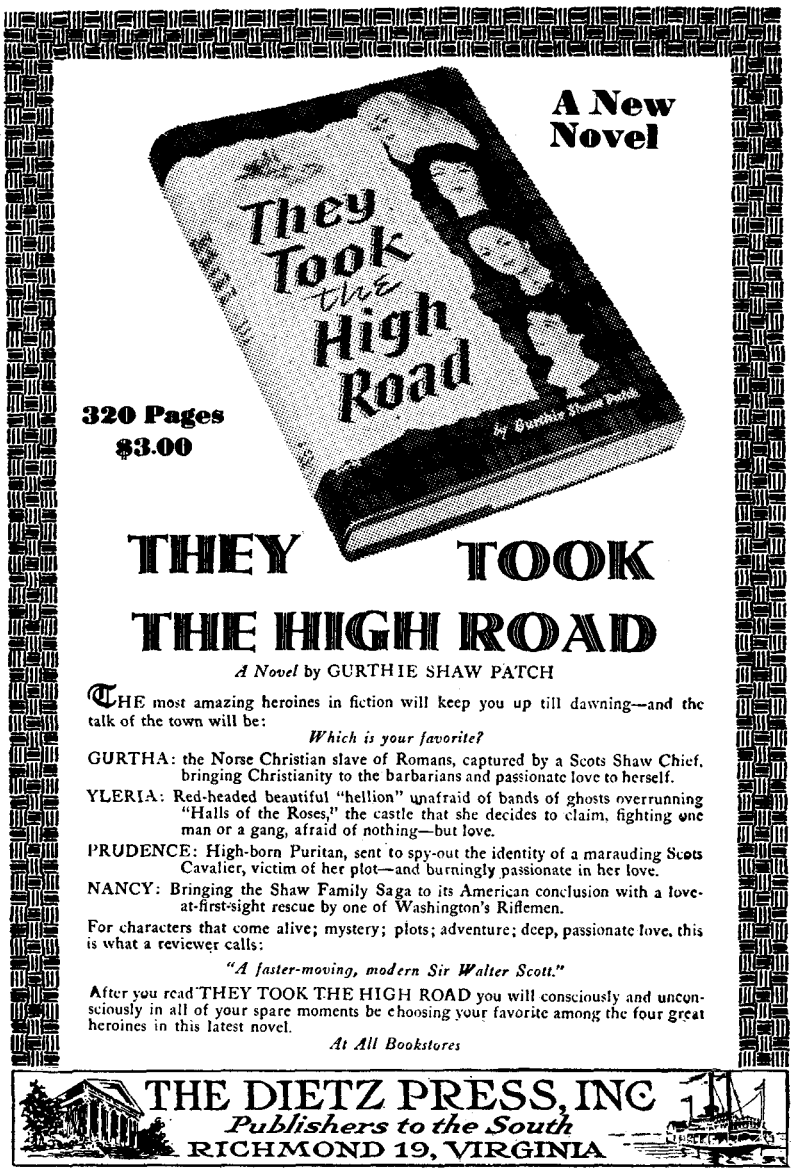
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 664.....35

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lillian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXIX, No. 50, December 14, 1946. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1946, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

New England Office
176 Federal Street, Boston 10, Mass.

Midwestern Office
814 North Tower Court, Chicago 11, Ill.

Pacific Coast Offices
235 Montgomery Street, San Francisco 4, Calif.
411 West Fifth Street, Los Angeles 14, Calif.


A New Novel
They Took the High Road
320 Pages
$3.00
THEY TOOK
THE HIGH ROAD
A Novel by GURTHIE SHAW PATCH
THE most amazing heroines in fiction will keep you up till dawning—and the talk of the town will be:
Which is your favorite?
GURTHA: the Norse Christian slave of Romans, captured by a Scots Shaw Chief, bringing Christianity to the barbarians and passionate love to herself.
YLERIA: Red-headed beautiful "hellion" unafraid of bands of ghosts overrunning "Halls of the Roses," the castle that she decides to claim, fighting one man or a gang, afraid of nothing—but love.
PRUDENCE: High-born Puritan, sent to spy-out the identity of a marauding Scots Cavalier, victim of her plot—and burningly passionate in her love.
NANCY: Bringing the Shaw Family Saga to its American conclusion with a love-at-first-sight rescue by one of Washington's Riflemen.
For characters that come alive; mystery; plots; adventure; deep, passionate love, this is what a reviewer calls:
"A faster-moving, modern Sir Walter Scott."
After you read THEY TOOK THE HIGH ROAD you will consciously and unconsciously in all of your spare moments be choosing your favorite among the four great heroines in this latest novel.
At All Bookstores
THE DIETZ PRESS, INC
Publishers to the South
RICHMOND 19, VIRGINIA

Announcing

LUCILLE

A WASHINGTON IDYLL

Two Novels in one volume

by

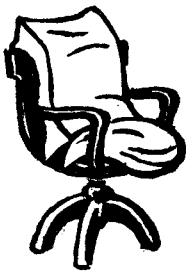
JOSEPH KLING

author of Eighth Street, The Same Clay, A Late Diary

Limited to 300 copies $3.50

Available at: *Four Seasons Book Shop—21 Greenwich Ave. Pete Martin's Book Shop—162 West 4th St. • Gotham Book Mart—41 West 47th St. • International Book and Art Shop—17 West 8th St.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THERE is a lot of talk about what I see FROM WHERE I SIT, but very little about the chair where I sit. The drawing above is a pretty good approximation of it, no two ways about it, it's a hideous, red-stained, leather-seated chair such as you might see in any lawyer's office. It moves on four casters, it swivels and is generally functional, but it's still hideous. Anyone can see that. You can see it from where you sit. You know a hideous thing when you see it, you've got good taste, and the fellow who says you haven't is liable to get his ears pinned back.

But why is it that you know immediately when you see a good thing? Where did you get this good taste? And please remember that I'm sitting down and that I wear glasses when I ask you—**How Good Is Your Taste?**

Almost everyone thinks he has good taste, yet almost everyone thinks someone else has atrocious taste. So the question is not entirely out of order. In one of the most fascinating books I have come across, SANFORD E. GERARD comes right out and asks you **How Good Is Your Taste?** That's a gentle way of putting it. What he really does is to submit you to a series of tests so interesting and so challenging that they get my vote for the number-one parlor game of the year. The tests are all done with pictures and practically no brainwork is involved on your part. When you have taken these tests, the author is able to tell you right there in the book exactly what kind of taste you have and how you can improve the appearance of your home. You can find out how good a movie director you'd make, and just about everything else except how you voted in the last election. He could probably even make a pretty good guess at that, because he can tell from your answers just about how much money you make.

This is one of the few books you can send both to people you do like and people you don't like. The very least that can be gotten out of it is a good evening's entertainment and a lively discussion. The very most—well, I know where you can get a good bodyguard cheap.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

TRADE Winds

BACK FROM CHINA is Frank Taylor, vice-president of Reynal and Hitchcock, with a tale of adventure so lurid that his most imaginative novelists will have trouble keeping pace with it. His account of what is going on in China today will make less pleasant reading.

Taylor got as far as Peiping without untoward incident, but calamity caught up with him in the unlikeliest of places — the American consulate. Characteristically descending a flight of marble stairs three steps at a clip, he lost his balance, and landed at the bottom with his right leg buckled under him. Just that day the Army, Navy, and Marine hospitals had been merged into one, and Taylor was the first patient of the new combine. An Army doctor said his foot was not broken; a Navy doctor said it was. While they were talking it over, Taylor was dismayed to discover a growing line of GI's forming outside his room, staring at him. Investigation proved he had been deposited in the nook where VD kits were distributed. Taylor hopped from his table of pain and played Santa Claus until the doctors returned.

The Navy man was right. Taylor's foot definitely was broken. It was set (by the Marines this time), put in a twenty-pound cast, and Taylor was told he would be confined to his bed for a fortnight at least. The catch was that he was scheduled to fly to Yenan, the capital of Communist China, in a supply plane that was leaving six hours hence. If he missed it, the chance for which he had risked the entire journey was lost irretrievably. So at 3 a.m. Taylor hopped down three flights of stairs (one step at a time on this occasion!), dragging behind him his right leg in a wet cast, found a pair of children's crutches in the basement, hailed a rickshaw, and was hoisted aboard the supply plane five minutes before it took off. In Yenan he was carried around in a litter for ten days, gawked at gravely by natives who figured he must be a very important personage indeed.

"What made you decide to go to China at this time?" I asked. "I thought of it suddenly one Friday," said Taylor, who stands about six-foot-six, waves his arms about like Charlotte Greenwood, and is given to unexpected impulses that generally prove valid. "I went into Gene Reynal's office and told him my notion. 'China?' said Gene. 'When?' 'Thursday,' I said. 'O. K.' said Gene. So I left Thursday!"

Taylor brought back with him three novels by young Chinese writers that are now being translated, and that will bear comparison, he thinks, with Lau Shaw's "Rickshaw Boy." He also brought back a mass protest by Chinese writers and artists (none of whom dared to sign it individually) against the iron-clad censorship policy of the Kuomintang Government. The day he

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

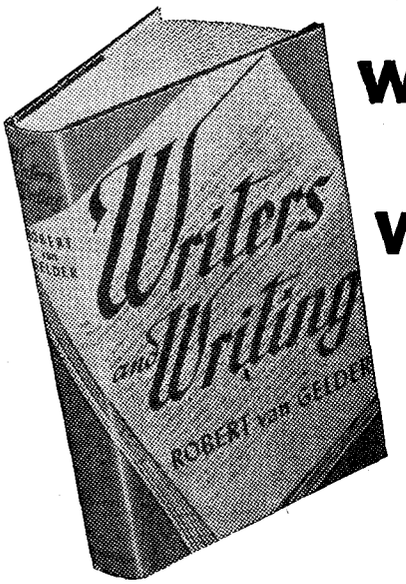
arrived in Shanghai, a pirated edition of Gertrude Stein's "Wars I Have Seen" was published under the title of "Days of Liberation." Twenty-four hours later it was suppressed. "That word 'liberation' isn't popular in government circles these days," said Taylor.

"America is playing a decisive and tragic role in the civil war that is raging in China today," he declared. "If we'd get out, the fighting would end probably in anywhere from six to eighteen months, with the Chiang Kai-shek dictatorship overthrown and a democratically elected coalition government in power. As it is, they are fighting with planes, guns, ships, and ammunition that come straight from the United States. In fact, that's true of both sides. The Communists capture it from the government forces. We are turning China into the Spain of the next war!"

In Yenan, Chu-Teh, commander-in-chief of the Communist Armies, told Taylor, "There seem to be two foreign policies in America today. One, supported by Henry Wallace, aims to make China a bridge of friendship and mutual understanding between the United States and Soviet Russia. The other, unfortunately supported, it seems, by the present American Government, is designed to make China *the* battlefield in the war against communism."

Taylor says a mistake the democratic forces in China made was to allow the name "Communists" to be attached to them—"not that they did it all by themselves: Chiang and the United States press encourage the myth." He says their supporters, tacit if not active, include every liberal in the country—practically every author, dramatist, artist, and journalist. "Despite their bitter disappointment in the behavior of the United States," he reports, "they still have six great American heroes: F. D. R., Stilwell, Colonel Evans Carlson, Wallace, Edgar Snow, and Agnes Smedley." They have three pet American hates too, but Taylor, suddenly cautious, wouldn't let me tell you their names. "My Bible in China," he concluded, "was Snow's 'Red Star Over China.' Written ten years ago, it's still absolutely correct in every detail—a wonderful job. And the Jacoby-White book, 'Thunder Over China,' takes over where Snow left off. I'm delighted the Book-of-the-Month Club picked it. It's their most important selection in years. Every American owes it to himself and his boy children to read that book!"

To complete this dossier on Mr. Taylor, and Reynal and Hitchcock, he told me that Lillian Smith's new novel, due in January, is just as good



WRITERS and WRITING

by ROBERT van GELDER

A selection of informative interviews with 90 of the most important authors of our times.

"As nearly a literary history of the 1940's as we have." —*Saturday Review*

AT ALL BOOKSTORES $3.00

Scribners

INSURE YOUR FUTURE—
BUY U. S. BONDS

The Fundamental Favorite Of All Book Collectors!

A PRIMER OF BOOK-COLLECTING

by John T. Winterich, former managing editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*

and David A. Randall, head of the rare Book Department of *Scribner Book Store*

When first published in 1926 this basic book for collectors sold out three editions. Today a newly revised and enlarged edition has just been published. Those of you who own the original edition will want this one for its new material. Those of you who are newcomers in the rewarding art of book-collecting cannot afford to be without this basic volume. In it the authors appeal especially to the collector of limited means. They show what makes a book rare, what constitutes good second-hand condition, guideposts to first editions, the mechanics of collecting, how much to pay, and the tools of the game, plus bibliography and index. Rich red cloth binding stamped in gold.

$3 at all Bookstores • GREENBERG: PUBLISHER
201 East 57th Street, New York 22

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

that open new horizons of thought and achievement

WILLKIE

H. Frederick Willkie's brilliant, provocative, unconventional thinking about work and education and the careers of men and women is making *"A Rebel Yells"* widely discussed and widely praised. Read it for its fresh viewpoint, its challenging ideas. **$3.00**

ABBOT

Dr. Charles G. Abbot's new classic, *"The Earth and the Stars"*, is a rich, wise, thoughtfully written story about our universe. For all ages and all tastes—"fascinating, elaborate and novel treatment" says NEWSWEEK. **$3.75**

McMILLEN

Wheeler McMillen, famous editor of the FARM JOURNAL, tells in *"New Riches from the Soil"* the story of the new magic of industrial agriculture—the science of chemurgy which today holds out promise of new prosperity for the farm, new materials for industry, new goods for all of us. **$3.00**

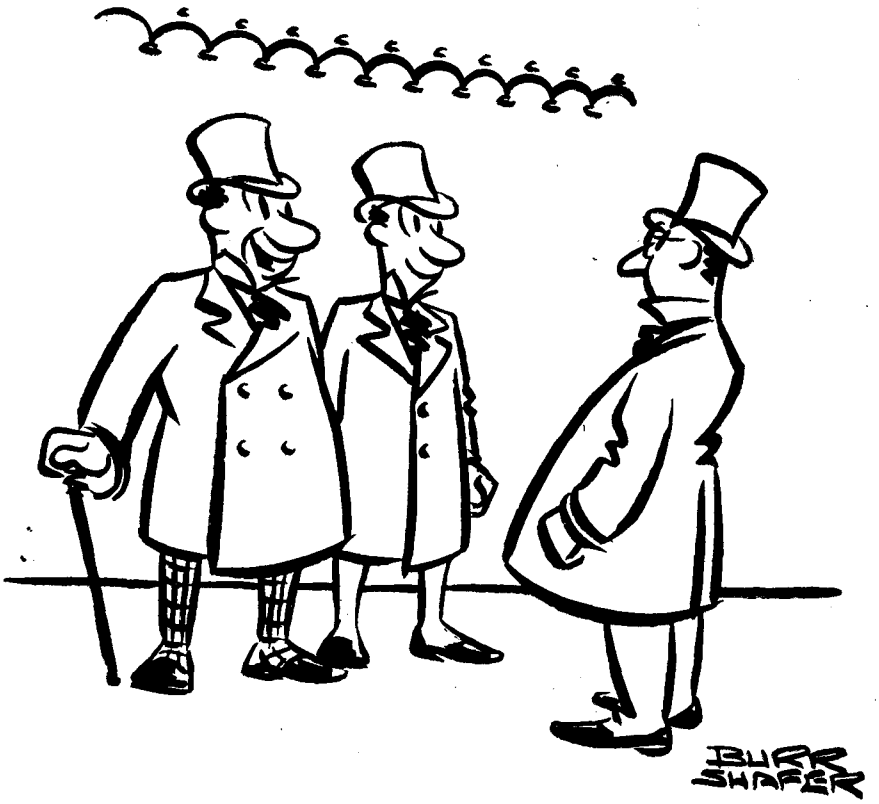
The HOME MECHANIC'S HANDBOOK

This is the ideal gift for the man who likes to use his hands—complete, factual sections on masonry, painting and decorating, metal-working, wood-working, electricity and plumbing—all illustrated with how-to-do-it photographs. **$5.95**

Because of manufacturing difficulties not all these books may be in stock throughout the Christmas season.

See your bookseller soon

D. VAN NOSTRAND COMPANY, INC.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"My brother has an idea that we should grow beards and manufacture cough drops."

as "Strange Fruit" but on an entirely different theme, that Chester Kerr is sharing editorial chores with him (also with the title of vice-president), that rumors of a change in ownership of Reynal and Hitchcock are unfounded—preposterous, in fact—and that next fall they will present an album of Chinese art that will "knock the trade's eyes out." . . .

AS THOUGH Percival Wilde's chickens didn't cause Trade Winds enough trouble, Skipper Hal Smith, the famous sea dog whose craft blew up in his face one peaceful Sunday morning in the middle of Long Island Sound, has decided that he needs a new crew for a purely literary cruise, and leaves it to us to muster it for him. No one to resist that sort of challenge, we submit the following slate, subject, of course, to the approval of the Maritime Union—and Louis Untermeyer:

Captain: Ofmysoul Hornblower (from Castile)
First Mate: Chic Sail
Second Mate: Condé Mast
Third Mate: Mr. Motor
Czech Mate: Masaryk
Recorder of the Log: Decca
Midshipman: Easy
Stoker: Bram
Pilot: Pontius
Steward: George R.

Places on board should certainly be found for Hold-fast Gaines, Funnel Bed, Finnegans Wake, and the Five Little Peppers and How They Crew. Further nominations, within reason, are wide open. Who, for instance, should man the poop deck, or play the role of the officers' mess? . . .

STEWART HOLBROOK'S new book, "Lost Men of American History" (Macmillan), is a goldmine for anecdotards. Holbrook explains, "Many great Americans were never given their just due. A majority of them were mavericks, unorthodox thinkers—men and women who were going against the wind and the tide—but they played a part in forming the character of the American people. It is of them I sing." . . . Stephen Spender is coming to America next fall to give a course at Sarah Lawrence College. . . . Irwin Edman has completed "Philosopher's Quest," a companion volume to his famous "Philosopher's Holiday." Viking will publish it in the spring. . . . Putnam's first book for 1947 will be "Austrian Requiem," Kurt Von Schuschnigg's own story of the betrayal of his country by the Nazis. . . .

WHEN MARGOT JOHNSON, the literary agent, was a student at Smith College, she took a creative writing course given by Mina Kirstein Curtis, and achieved for her efforts an unspectacular, solid "C." Now Miss Johnson is spending long hours with a client, suggesting cuts and revisions in an important new manuscript. The name of the client—a very appreciative one, too—is Mina Kirstein Curtis.

BENNETT CERF.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now look here, Pop—
or Mom—or Mom 'n' Pop—

LOOK HERE:

YOU MAY not think of yourself as an especially "literary" person. But there are some books which are a part of you. These are the books which you once read with whoops (or squeals) of delight when you were a child; and which you have grown up with. These books form a large portion of the things-you-know; and also, by golly, they are things-you-know which you are proud to let people know that you know.

An illustration for *Robinson Crusoe* by EDWARD A. WILSON

WHEN SOMEBODY casually refers to somebody else as "my man Friday," you think immediately of Robinson Crusoe.

When some dreadfully whimsical person approaches you with hand out and says *Please, sir, I want some more,* you think of Oliver Twist and how he asked for more porridge.

Robinson Crusoe; Oliver Twist; Pinocchio; The Oregon Trail; Homer's Odyssey; Lorna Doone:

You may not have read them all. But, if you didn't read some of them when you were young, you are certainly sorry for that fact now—and glad for those you did read.

A drawing for *Oliver Twist* by BARNETT FREEDMAN

FOR NOW YOU ARE the parent of a small girl, a small boy; or, you lucky stiff, of both. Now you have children, let us say: and you want them to read these books—

You want your children to go roaming over the deserted island with Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday.

You want your children to stand beside the old cobbler while he whittles Pinocchio out of a block of wood.

You want your children to sail the seven seas with Odysseus and his companions . . .

Yes, there is no doubt that you want your children to own the great works of literature, to own the books which they are to grow up with. It is important!

BUT THERE is a point of even greater importance, to which we want you to give careful consideration now, as a result of the plea that you look here, Pop-&-Mom:

You *must not* give these books to your children in tasteless, badly-illustrated, badly-printed editions.

You want your children to know what good taste is, and to use it in all the things they do as they reach maturity.

War-talk, a painting by MAYNARD DIXON for *The Oregon Trail*

TO DO THIS, you have to surround them with tasteful things while they are young. Your home must be tastefully arranged, the furniture must be handsome and well constructed, the pictures on the wall must be good pictures, the dishes out of which they eat their food must be dishes of good design.

Similarly, it is important that your children be permitted to read the great works of literature in handsome editions, imaginatively illustrated, well printed, designed with good taste.

So that is why this announcement is being printed.

The Directors of The Limited Editions Club, who are possibly the most famous creators of beautiful books in the world today, and who have been distributing beautiful books to that Club's members for nearly twenty years, decided to launch The Junior Heritage Club.

They did so only last year. They announced the formation of The Junior Heritage Club, restricted to a membership of twenty-five thousand girls and boys.

A painting by JOHN AUSTEN for *Lorna Doone*

AT THIS MOMENT, that membership is chock-full; and there is a substantial waiting-list.

But the Prospectus describing the publishing program for 1947 is now on the presses; when this next Series is launched, the publishers will be able to assign more paper for the Club's publications—there will be room for a few thousand boys and girls to come into the Club, and this represents an exciting opportunity for *you!*

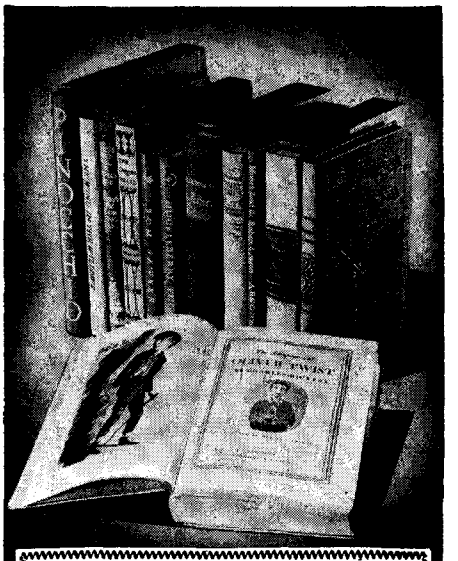
The members of The Junior Heritage Club are children; no person more than fifteen years of age may join.

To these young people, The Junior Heritage Club distributes the great classics of literature; imaginatively illustrated by the great illustrators of the world; designed by the world's great typographers for reading by children; well printed on fine papers; and staunchly bound.

All of the know-how which has gone into the making of The Limited Editions Club's beautiful books is poured into the making of the books for the youthful members of The Junior Heritage Club. *But—the price for each book, for a member, is only $2.20!*

WHAT DO YOU DO NOW? You fill out the coupon below, to ask us to send you a handsomely illustrated Prospectus in which the twelve books for 1947 are depicted and described. While you are studying it, a Membership will be reserved for the lucky young person to whom you are thinking of presenting this Membership.

So you see that you are now in position to bring a great deal of pleasure twelve times during the coming year to a young person of whom you are fond—which will in turn remind that young person, twelve times during the coming year, to be fond of you!



Reservation of Membership

to THE JUNIOR HERITAGE CLUB
595 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y. 22

PLEASE RESERVE one of the limited number of Memberships, for 1947, in The Junior Heritage Club for

.....
(please print prospective member's name here)

and send me a copy of the descriptive Prospectus which will give us complete details. I understand that you will reserve this Membership until we can have had time to study the Prospectus and then advise you whether we want to have these books.

Name.....

Address.....

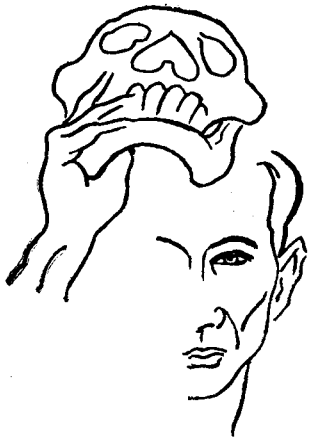
City.....*Zone*.....

State.....

SR10

THE JUNIOR HERITAGE CLUB · *595 Madison Avenue, New York 22*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Something wrong, brother?"

Death. Something wrong, brother?

Santa Claus. Yes.

Death. Sick?

Santa Claus. Sick at heart.

Death. What seems to be the trouble? Come—speak out.

Santa Claus. I have so much to give; and nobody will take.

Death. My problem is also one of distribution, only it happens to be the other way round.

A WORLD is good with truth in it. A world can be new. When there is more than one truth, and when each can be said in its own way, all the better. The new ones men find and the old ones they refurbish get to other men and, very often, into print. Occasionally good, sometimes bad, and other times merely sensational, they are nevertheless the things which spark this peculiar and interesting world.

As a people we were naturals for the sensational even before Barnum. We tighten up and get firm about things we haven't investigated or tried to know and when that happens we deserve to be born every minute. It's only when we go along with enough intellectual change on hand to make a small down-payment on the Brooklyn Bridge that we leave ourselves open for unexpected truths without advance publicity. For instance, those of us who are convinced that we know all about Santa Claus have things to learn, and a great many of those things can be learned from E. E. Cummings. Cummings has a habit of writing true and simple things in an unexpected way; not especially wonderful in solid, worldly fashion—more like spring. He has been writing that way for a long time, but because he is direct some find him disconcerting. Because he very often has the ability to make things seen when they are more comfortably unseen, he is sometimes easier to put to one side. Because he uses words in a logical way that has never been taught, it takes a little time to know him. And it always has been easier not to know people.

Now Cummings has written a play called SANTA CLAUS. More exactly, a Morality. Not alone as his publishers, but as people who have been reading him and liking what we read for a number of years, we think this slim little book has in itself almost all of the qualities that we have particularly admired and gone back to in his writings. His plot has the simplicity of the old-time allegory in which the actors were Faith, Vice, Charity; Mr. Cummings' characters are as firm and whole as these were. They are, however, traditional only as they are in keeping with his own thought. It's a Morality, but a Morality for our time. Instead of Faith, Cummings uses Santa Claus; instead of Vice, he gives us Manunkind. Death, oddly enough, does some stand-in work for Charity. These two, Death and Santa Claus, are the joint protagonists of the play, with all-the-world playing a third and equal part. For here, as in all his work, Mr. Cummings is deeply aware of the actions of masses of people since it is always the individual for whom he writes. And it is the stupidity which men together wreak upon man alone that is the underlying matter of much that he has to say.

The surface action of the play is largely the result of a reversal of personalities. When Death and Santa Claus exchange masks the world is unimpressed since it is unknowing. The Child feels it intuitively, but the Woman (who is love) knows. As in so much of his poetry, Mr. Cummings here writes with that superb lyricism which has made him one of our first poets. More than that, he shows us a world which is so real and so true that we have first to remove our own masks in order to comprehend it.

When we were given the manuscript of SANTA CLAUS last summer, we weren't sure that we could have it ready for publication by Christmas. We wanted to because we thought it had things to say which might be more easily listened to in a time set aside for good will. For a change, things ticked off smoothly and we're therefore professionally pleased that it should get to bookstores in time for Christmas trade. But we are privately delighted because we buy Christmas presents too.

Santa Claus:

A MORALITY

by E. E. Cummings

$1.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

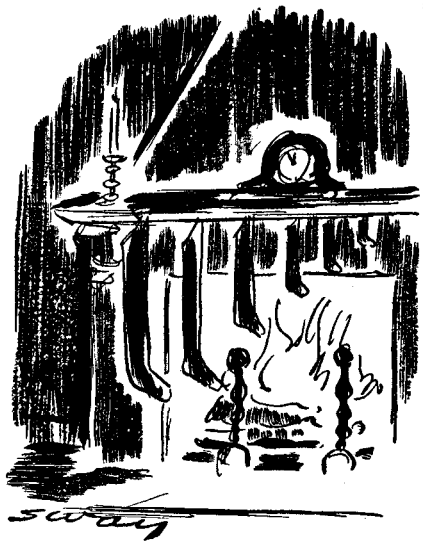
"The Long Arm of Coincidence"

LEONARD BACON

IF YOU know who coined the phrase "The Long Arm of Coincidence," you have been more successfully observant than I. But whatever its provenience, one thing is to be observed about it. We seldom or never use the expression except with the intention of depreciating and making little whatever we apply it to. It is a way of writing something off or down. A novelist, for instance, can always be damned out of hand by a judicious use of this cliché. One only has to imply that the poor chap's story depends for interest or pathos on an episode for which the reader has not been logically, or at any rate psychologically, prepared, and another novelist is done in. In fact, at all times and in all connections we are apt to employ a sort of destructive dialectic which has for its invisible assumption the notion that events are and must be interconnected and that in a great work the interconnection must be shown—as if the artist had to be a sort of deity perpetually conscious of what sort of mortal and understandable woof flies through an eternal but comprehensible warp.

I am not by any means prepared to argue that great artists ought to ignore the invisible assumption. Beyond doubt most books that have strongly affected men have a structure which can be seen or at least felt. In them the wheel comes full circle. The same thing somehow gets affirmed twice, the second time to a different and more suggestive purpose. But it is commonplace to assert that in life itself, from which great art must originate, ingenious composition is frequently absent, its place being taken by a chaos of unimaginable irrelevancies, sometimes unthinkably connected. No existence, whether on the large public scale or on the small private scale, but is shot through with coincidences and parallel episodes from which any novelist worth his salt would shrink as from literary leprosy, because the bonds between them are beyond the powers of man to trace and expose. Any reader would cry out against the artifice, if a storyteller were, against all reason, to arrange his tale in such a manner that his hero's great moments always took place on, say, the third of September. Yet just that happened to Oliver Cromwell, who won the battle of Dunbar on one third of September, the battle of Worcester on another, and moreover died on what he called his "lucky day."

Recently I was reading a great English historian who quoted with approval a passage from a Frenchman of less distinguished capacity. That is not without point in the connection, for authority is on the whole inclined to ignore or discount the commentary of more modest intelligence when fate and chance are in the picture. Anyhow Bury for once saw something in an aperçu of Amedée Thierry. And the observation is so apt for my purpose that I shall translate it after a brief explanation of the circumstances. When the last Augustus, who by a strange quirk of destiny bore the given name of Romulus, was crowned in the Western Empire, it was noticed that he succeeded or superseded the last Julius. Five hundred years before, the first Julius, with some little delay, had been succeeded by the first Augustus. The effect is uncomfortable to the orderly mind, which doesn't like what can't be explained. And it is not to be wondered at, if Thierry felt something walk over his grave or that he should write: "These accidental associations had in them some shadow of the supernatural, which justified superstition in the most vigorous minds. One bowed the head and was silent." One does. There is an element in the circumstance which refuses to come in line with the categories satisfactory to intellectual complacency. Are man and his empires so important that it amuses light-minded gods to see to it that played-out puppets of German mercenaries should bear the very names of triumphant establishers of world-power? The two last dynasts, helpless, not even lawfully chosen, might just as well have been called Oybrius or Majorian. But they weren't. And if there are no gods, light-minded or otherwise, who does the laughing? And why in the name of common sense should blind chance turn up so ironic a trump? It seems impossible to attribute the fact to what the bitter Housman called "the general untidiness of the universe."



AN example in its way even more suggestive and less well known may be discovered in Mr. Robert Byron's charming little studies in Byzantine history. So far as I know he was the first person to notice it. In the year 183 before Christ, Hannibal, the most brilliant, most chivalrous, and most humane soldier of antiquity, was being hounded from court to court in the Near East by Romans who weren't good enough to be in the same Mediterranean with him. The great-hearted Antiochus the Great, who was very nearly worthy of having such a guest, stalled off the exorbitant ambassadors of the senate for nearly six weeks, in order to give the fugitive a headstart. But it was no go. Hannibal was run to earth at Libyssa on the Sea of Marmora, where he took the poison from the finger ring, which in Juvenal's rhetoric avenged the bushel baskets of golden rings taken from the Roman dead at Cannae. Yet the wind of irony was blowing out of the unknown. Neither pursuers nor pursued had any inkling that the scene of the tragedy was in sight of the place where the Janissaries of Mahomet II would in due course wipe out the last vestige of the Roman Empire. If ghosts revisit the glimpses of the moon, Hannibal had picked the

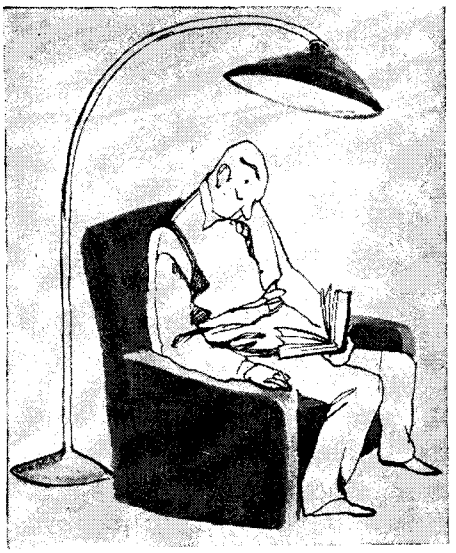
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place of his departure with more than usual military perspicacity.

But one doesn't have to explore history to discover similar conjunctions, or, if you prefer, oppositions. The mere accidental alphabetical arrangement of the Encyclopedia Britannica affords at least one beautiful and, to me, diverting instance. Anyone who has had occasion to look up the date of the "Hunting of the Snark" (I am hunting one) must have noticed it. Lewis Carroll's real name was, of course and quite naturally, Dodgson. Immediately after the necessarily inadequate little notice of a great poet follows the extraordinary Professor Newton's model brief monograph on the Dodo. It is true that Newton deals with the bird in a spirit quite different from Lewis Carroll's, and I do not remember that he alludes to any imaginative treatment of the subject. But one understands why Homer called the gods happy, if, as it seems, they are able to amuse themselves by arranging things in this manner. Even the Columbia Encyclopedia just barely escapes the juxtaposition. There, too, Dodo follows Dodgson, but American scholarship has succeeded in discovering two Old Testament nonentities named Dodo, who have been artfully inserted between the poet and his bird.

NOR do I know how to account for a phenomenon which occurs in every private library and no doubt in public ones. I give an example from my own, which is a hopelessly ill-arranged congeries of books that have, or have not from time to time engaged my inconstant fancy. Two books, each fine of its kind and both deservedly famous, came to rest beside each other, apparently as a result of mere gravitational attraction. Looking for something else, I saw, like better astronomers before me, a new binary in my literary heavens, for there side by side, bathed in one another's light, and looking as if they were in some wild manner necessarily complementary, stood "The Education of Henry Adams" and Fabre's "Life of the Spider." What sort of answer does one make to an epigram delivered by the principle of chance?

As far as I am concerned the most vivid experience of the powers of coincidence and its inexplicable cogency occurred in connection with a matter in itself pointless. In 1923 I had developed an interest in William Dunbar, one of the greatest and most neglected of British poets. I got some German's unlovely edition out of the library of the University of California, an institution which, in the words of the late entertaining George Fitch, "I then infested," and took the



work with me to read on the train to Monterey. In those days I still read introductions, even that German editor's, which, I may interject, took some doing. At the end of as dull an account of a great writer as ever was set down by a pedant, came the appropriate, necessary, and ungraceful acknowledgments to fellow illuminati and obscurantists and also to those dignified creatures, the possessors of original manuscripts, "to whose courtesy, etc.," the success, if any, of the editor's labors was due. Chief among these last appeared the absolutely gorgeous name of Lord Talbot de Malahide, good enough for its own sake to write a whole "Three Musketeers" about, though at the time it meant just that and nothing more to me. Colonel Isham had not yet discovered the papers of James Boswell in a croquet box in Malahide Castle. By the time I reached that heroic name with its cloak and sword connotations, I was fed up on the German and turned for relief to the *San Francisco Chronicle,* a paper at the time distinguished for no beauty and a great deal of dulness. It was so dull in fact that the editorial page was padded with social notes. And there I read between remarks on the doings of the "Pure Push" of Marin County and the "Bad Bunch of Burlingame" the assertion of the local Cholly Knickerbocker to the effect that Lord and Lady Talbot de Malahide were staying at the St. Francis. It's pointless enough, as I said. But to turn from a book printed in Vienna twenty years before, which made mention of an obscure Irish peer, of whom one had never heard, and within a few seconds to hit on the same name in a paper printed that morning in San Francisco had in it some mild element of shock.

The shock is, of course, due to a sort of fear, and the fear is of the sort which comes because we know we cannot render the reason that habit and training compel us to believe we ought to render. But there are times when it would be well for us perhaps not to try, when we might, in some ancient's phrase, yield ourselves profitably to the flow and lapse of things. The little world, where a good deal can be explained and—rather surprisingly—turn out to be predictable, usurps, upon examination, too much of our attention. The much greater sphere where nothing is known and still less can be predicted impinges upon us perpetually, is not noticed at all if we can help it, and is ignored if possible. In fact, it is the note and mark of what is called cultivation to ignore it, which is a singular comment on what is called cultivation. Everyone must from time to time have noticed how the snail horns are drawn in the minute that someone suggests a circumstance which cannot be emasculated by rational devices. The opposite error is equally common, as when Sir William Crookes or Sir Oliver Lodge fall instant victims to the obscene tricks of a spiritualistic charlatan. Even a pagan may be impressed by the extent of the region which surrounds our small arranged system. And the pagan ought to be still further impressed by the visible and obvious human disposition to avoid any allusion or reference to that pit of darkness.

HORACE WALPOLE, never at any time such a fool as he occasionally looked, invented the word Serendipity as a name for "the capacity to make happy discoveries by chance." Evidently he must have had an eerie realization of the extent to which we are wrapped in the everlasting coincidental long arms. But most of us are afraid of chance, happy or otherwise, and like to put it out of our nice airtight frame of things. We are not flattered by the thought that our successes are in large part due to it, and, as has been noticed before, we don't like to think of our failures at all. Nevertheless chance is the air we breathe, an incalculable wind blowing from somewhere, where nothing is or can be explained, often with a tang of irony in it which searches the marrow. So New Yorkers obscurely feel Hudson's Bay on a raw December morning and dive into the subway with a sense of relief. About all we can do about it is to accept Thierry's sensible position, when he considered the imperial parodies, whose vague role was to wind up the affairs of the Empire of the West—bow our heads and be silent, and, it might be added, like it if we can. And even our ability to like it or not to like it may be due to some unliterary coincidence.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clues to Old and New Japan

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM AND THE SWORD. By Ruth Benedict. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 316 pp. $3.

Reviewed by MARK STARR

MOST of our left journals of opinion (which seem to work on the assumption that whatever their own State Department does must be wrong) insist that General Douglas MacArthur has already been taken for a ride by reaction, and that Japan is being built as a bastion against Soviet Russia.

Ruth Benedict in her elaborate and detailed analysis of the Japanese way of life does not agree with that finding. She writes:

> American administration of Japan under General MacArthur has accepted this Japanese ability to sail a new course. It has not impeded that course by insisting on using techniques of humiliation.

She agrees with General MacArthur that the Japanese are not inherently vicious and puts it up to us whether a peaceful Japan can attain a place of honor in world civilization:

> At present the Japanese know militarism as a light that failed. They will watch to see whether it has also failed in other nations of the world. If it has not, Japan can relight her own warlike ardor and show how well she can contribute. If it has failed elsewhere, Japan can set herself to prove how well she has learned the lesson that imperialistic dynastic enterprises are no road to honor.

However, even those who disagree with her tentative conclusions will find much fascinating information about why Japan became different from other nations in her education, ideas, and ethics.

Anthropology in these modern days has become an extremely useful social psychoanalysis which makes for mutual understanding and appreciation of contrasting cultures. No one proposes to murder a delinquent child and that goes for a nation too. The problem is to find what went wrong and suggest the remedy.

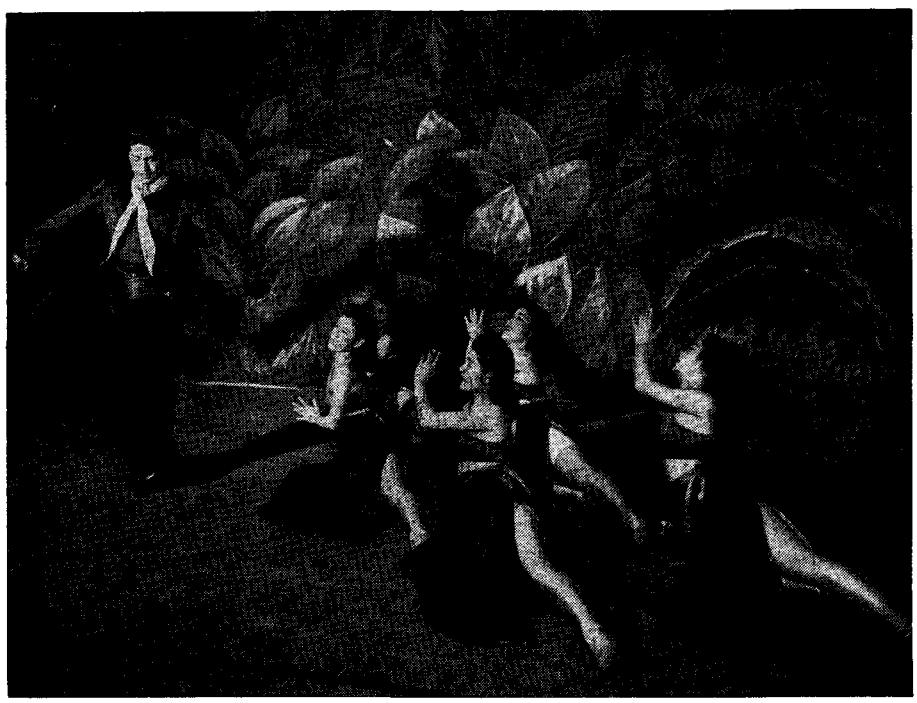
All those who have seen Japan at first hand will be greatly interested in the interpretation of Japanese character which Miss Benedict gives as the result of her detailed studies of past and modern developments there. All the vivid contrasts to be found in the land of Nippon—the blue-hooded priests clapping their hands in prayer before the company shrine of a great modern cable plant; the ox-cart carrying the steel billet; the union convention in the Buddhist temple; modern electric machines in flimsy shacks made of split bamboo—are made understandable by this study. The chrysanthemum of freedom and the sword of self-responsibility have a contribution to make to world civilization.

Ruth Benedict studied the history and ways of living of the Japanese from every possible angle to explain the many things which made the Japanese "queer ducks." The OWI wanted her aid to do some intellectual pin-point bombing. What made the teacher dash to death in the burning school to rescue the portrait of the Emperor? Why was the word of that Emperor—who is comparable as a national symbol to the Stars and Stripes in the United States—able to make surrender so complete after V-J Day, 1945? The high birth rate, the kamikaze plane pilot, the movies, plays, and novels without a happy ending, the open recognition of prostitution, the public weeping of the defeated baseball team, the protest suicides, the cruel treatment of war prisoners, the source of aggressive characteristics in the learning process of the Japanese boy—all these and many other social values, ways, and ideas differing from our own, are explained with trained insight.

The 160,000 American soldiers and 2,000 civilians who staff the American Military Government of Japan could do a better job if they studied Miss Benedict's suggestions. For although Japan has on previous occasions shown its possibility of planned transformation, the United States with its own confusions and maladjustments may not prove competent to serve as the wise teacher to prepare Japan to take her place in the family of nations. MacArthur has a more complicated job than the Emperor Meiji. It was much easier to destroy Hiroshima than to direct a people to freedom, and much quicker to bomb old cities than to plant new ideas. But Miss Benedict suggests ways to sublimate the old dangerous disciplines and recognizes the new forces liberated by militarist defeat and bitter disillusion. Incidentally, we had better prepare ourselves to play the good teacher, regarding as success our no longer being needed, for a race of "new nabobs," holding down an exploited Japan would soon forget the traditions of Lincoln and Jefferson.

Something new is growing in the ancient land of Nippon. Japanese school teachers particularly are willing to cooperate with the forces of social change. In a play they presented in Tokyo recently, the teachers tear up an historical chart to heat their potato soup saying, "Burn, burn far-fetched history of 2,600 years and reduce past mysticism to ashes to make way for the true history of the people." Miss Benedict's significant analysis of Japanese institutions and ways of life can aid us to understand the past for the sake of a better future.

Mark Starr, educational director of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, recently spent several months in Japan as consultant on labor education to General MacArthur.



—*Acme.*

Ruth Benedict makes understandable "the vivid contrasts to be found in the land of Nippon"—including a "Ziegfeld Follies" flourishing beside the stylized traditional theatre.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Custodian to Tender Consciences

CONGRESS AT THE CROSSROADS. By George B. Galloway. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. 1946. 374 + ix *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH

THIS book is as good as an encyclopedia on the American Congress. Here are the problems, perplexities, and perturbations of our legislative branch, including the discovery that much, if not most, of the time of Congressmen is given to errands not directly legislative in character.

The profile of Congress is here, more photogenic than most profiles credited to Congress. The anatomy of Congress is here, better articulated than most analysts have seen it, including its independence of and its articulation with the Presidency. The history of Congress is here, more circumspectly told than critics are wont to tell it, even to the fact that the last Congress was not improbably better peopled than the first Congress. The promise of Congress is here, for this is the story, with all else, of Congressional awareness of what's wrong with it and of Congressional efforts from the beginning to strengthen its strengths and to correct its weaknesses.

This is itself, above all else, an analysis of how Congress can better do its job, as that job, more complex than it has ever been before, cries more loudly than ever for superior performance.

The book is written by a man who knows Congress, respects Congressmen, and has dedicated years to the study and improvement of our national legislative body. The volume discloses the author's good fortune; for the reorganization of Congress, whose staff director he was, was achieved in time for him to include its features in the closing chapter of this book intended to disclose its grounds, illuminate its history, argue its merits, and further its maturation. The plan of Senator LaFollette and of Representative Monroney—to whom jointly the book is beautifully dedicated—has not suffered too great mutilation in the bill that passed both Houses with a large majority, was signed by the President on August 2, 1946, and bids fair to be given a trial by the new Congress, despite the drastic change in the meantime of the political complexion.

This achievement constitutes an honorable story, completely told, and beautifully illustrating the way in which many unheralded citizens (including the American Political Science Association, which maintains a committee on Congress) work constantly together in behalf of the body which best summarizes and illustrates the political genius that is typically American.

Composite as this book is of so much critical experience, it is in truth as good as an encyclopedia on Congress, and I shall long keep it on my desk for handy and reassuring reference. But it has the defects of its virtues. Though it has all that political scientists require of such a book—and I admit that to be high praise—it leaves me, a political philosopher, most unhappy. There are not a dozen

—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Dispatch.

The Way It Has Worked Before.

pages out of its three hundred seventy odd pages that even touch upon the crossroads that genuinely explain why Congress is criticized so harshly, has been criticized from the beginning, and will be criticized to the end—and that in spite of all efforts, including this one, to improve it. Realistic on the face of it, this book is, in an over-all sense, romantic, deeply romantic, and as such calculated to frustrate the hope which it raises. The fate of the present reorganization of the Congressional committee system—standing committees reduced in the Senate from thirty-three to fifteen, in the House from forty-eight to nineteen, and in both streamlined and flanked with other improvements—is written in advance, perhaps clairvoyantly, by the author's commentary upon the most radical previous reform of Congress, that which in 1910 deprived Speaker Cannon of his centralized hold upon the House of Representatives. "In the event, however," observes Mr. Galloway, "these reforms have proved to be less drastic than they seemed at the time they were achieved."

Why "less drastic"—and why less significant?

All the streamlining of the committees and all the other improved techniques here reported are as next to nothing compared with the moral fact that it was the simple first Congress, not the unwieldy last Congress, that got into such a deadlock, with passions surging and fists flying every time the House met, that Congress had to be adjourned day after day until, through the moral magnanimity of Jefferson and the monumental strategy of Hamilton, neither of whom was in either branch of Congress, a trade was consummated (the capital for Virginia, the Debt Assumption Bill for Hamilton) that unlocked the House and set it to work once again, though as Jefferson described it, "with revulsion of stomach" on the part of at least one of his friends who had to change his vote to bring the trade off.

The simple truth is that Congress has always been efficient, and is remarkably so in our day, at what it primarily exists to effect. That, however, is not what Mr. Galloway as a political scientist is here judging it by. I am not, on the other side, arguing that Congress ought to keep on handling all the business it does, certainly not that the reduction of committees is not desirable. I shall not myself be disappointed in the result of the new improvement. It is not those who sleep on the floor who fall out of bed. It is those who magnify gadgets and seek to cure the grudges that attend their malfunctioning who will be disappointed at any and every reorganization of Congress. The correction of the deepest grievance against Congress will be, I predict, so slight that nobody save a technician will be able to note the difference. The increment, whatever it be, will be indirect and unearned, and that is not the kind of justification citizens look for in a reform bill.

What needs reforming, if the criticism of Congress is to be stopped, is not reformable in a democratic society. Only a totalitarian society can enable one set of convictions to have its way. What "good" people want reformed is already good, is very good. It is this that they ask, and for the lack of which they blame Congress: to cease having differences of conviction over matters that seem to citizens most important, or if we must have such differences, to quit arguing about them in public, or if we must have major differences and must argue about them, then to settle the arguments "right," and not, as Congress does, make them worse by

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some hodge-podge compromise. That's what people want; that's what they, finding lacking, criticize Congress for. That's what Congress is not doing, because it does not know how. That's what Congress is not going to do, for nobody knows how, least of all the critics of Congress. That's what cannot be done without deserting democracy. If there is something that "should be done" which cannot be done collectively, then what should be done instead is for the critics of Congress to be brought to understand what democracy is, to understand how good a job Congress is already doing of it, and to quit applying private standards to public bodies if citizens are to remain both democratic and happy. It is a disservice to democracy to raise hope that by the reform of machinery citizens can get what they can get only by reforming themselves individually.

"For most of the things that properly can be called evils . . ." says Justice Holmes, "the main remedy is for us to grow more civilized."

The crucial crossroads of Congress is, I repeat, moral, not technical. The business of this body is to turn inevitable conflicts of provincial interests and narrow consciences into compromises that create new standards of justice. So long as good men insist upon standards of justice antiquated by the very conflicts that call their reassertion forth, so long must Congress, as much by stalling as by legislating, be midwife to the ethically novel always straining at the birth. There is no other known way to keep conscience on the grow.

Someone has well said that there is no pain like the pain of a new idea; and we may add, as the proper sign to be hung at the main crossroads: "especially if the new idea be either a moral or a religious one." To budge the consciences of earnest men from rifts in the cake of custom created by honest conflict, leaving an anodyne to ease consciences too tender to bear up under their own self-built guilt, —this is the glory and the doom of Congress. The better it fulfils this, its moral vocation, the more noisily will it be criticized by those who admit themselves to be better than Congressmen, but the more gallantly will it be thanked in wise retrospect by the children of those selfsame critics. (There is much more profundity than cynicism in the wisecrack that the statesman is the dead politician.) In this game of disciplining honest men into accepting the utter minimum that is possible collectively, they also serve, often serve heroically, who only sit and stall.

Citizens, citizens, why do you ever kick against the collective goads of your own individual growth?

One of Literature's Immortals

BALZAC. By Stefan Zweig. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 387 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

NEVER has the shop-worn formula "stranger than fiction" been better in its place than when applied to the life story of Balzac, the greatest of all writers of fiction. The demonic vigor of his imagination was such as to invade his personal life at its every juncture, fill it with continuous drama, and play havoc with it. Balzac is by no means the only man of supreme genius who failed to find happiness in life. But none ever has craved it with more passion than he, and pursued it with a temperament more fiery, with more undaunted sense of enterprise, with more inventiveness and with less judgment. He never vacillated in his confidence as to what his happiness would, or ought to, consist of. Money, love, and fame were the three will-o'-the-wisps he was following, all the time, at the same time. What he really attained was immortality. This, then, is the biography of one of world literature's immortal masters who, while creating a whole teeming world in his head, stumbled from one disaster into another, and never could stop, catch his breath, and assess the scope of his folly.

It was not the greed of Balzac's peasant ancestors which imbued him with his frantic wish for money. It was the time he lived in—the period of the post-Napoleonic *"enrichissez-vous"*

—*By an unknown artist.*

"None ever has craved [happiness] with more passion than Balzac . . . and pursued it with less judgment."

—which taught him the power of money; but it also was the memory of his own youth spent in near-penury in Paris. Though his parents were well-to-do provincials, they restricted his allowance mercilessly in order to force him back to the law career he had deserted.

When he decided to become a writer, as for many years after, Balzac was entirely unaware of his genius. He wanted to make money, and felt in himself the energy to turn out the blood-and-thunder stories the market asked for. He found a partner, established a firm—a "novel manufactory," as his biographer calls it—and began to produce heaps of third-rate novels, pamphlets, and "how to . . ." booklets which appeared under different, fanciful noms de plume. As that venture failed, he raised new capital and purchased a printing plant, then a typing foundry—and after eight years of Herculean labors was bankrupt at twenty-nine.

While still dodging his creditors, he started writing again. And of a sudden his true genius burst forth. From that moment on, he used his own name, usurping the little "de" of nobility. Soon he developed a monstrous working schedule which enabled him within twenty-one years to finish about sixty volumes. He earned very considerable sums. His extravagant living style and his eternal speculations devoured everything. Even at the height of his renown he was overwhelmed with debts. Whenever his fantastic business schemes failed, his money-crazy daydreams held fast to the hope of a wealthy marriage—that image of the *"veuve richissime"* he was to meet somewhere and marry some day.

His manners and tastes came close to being vulgar at times, and his physique was not hewn out for pleasing women. But he hungered for love throughout his life. His mother, a cruel, neurotic woman, had him as an infant removed to a nurse, and later packed him off to a boarding school whose monastic discipline caused untold sufferings to the full-blooded boy. Not by coincidence was Balzac's first mistress a woman more than twenty years his senior. She was "mother and sister" to him, "friend and tutor, mistress, and companion," and probably the one person who ever honestly loved him.

> Henceforth he was to seek in every woman the maternally protective guide and helpmate that had given him so much happiness in this prototype.

It was, above all, his inordinate

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

snobbishness which later made him fall in love with society ladies whenever he met them; aristocratic titles seem to have actually appealed to his eroticism. But there also was lesser fry among his amorous adventures that at a certain period "followed upon one another's heels." In the midst of his galley slave's work, he angled after them by answering his fan mail. Neglected women—a discovery, of the age—felt that M. de Balzac, for one, understood them. And one of them was Mme. de Hanska, the young wife of a middle-aged, sickly Russo-Polish nabob—the future Mme. de Balzac.

The tale of that fifteen-year courtship (and of Balzac's marriage, six months before his death, to the *"veuve richissime"* of his dreams) is too great a story to be retold here in digest. From the first precious letter of the far-away "Unknown" down to her scandalous behavior when Balzac was dying, that story is a novel such as not even a Balzac could have invented. Not even he could have unraveled the elements of his attachment to Eva de Hanska; and surely he would not have written so incredible an ending to any fictional story as the homecoming to his Paris house lavishly furnished on borrowed money for a bride he no longer loved and who never had loved him. As it was in real life, that scene was the fitting climax of a great man's unchanging unreasonableness.

It is not easy to write the biography of a giant who never ceased to make a fool of himself before the dwarfs. The late Stefan Zweig has succeeded in striking a good balance: though he was literally infatuated with Balzac's figure, he hides none of his weaknesses; and while in the course of his painstaking research he learned everything about them, he never deals with his hero highhandedly. His book offers no literary, let alone any critical, appraisal of Balzac's work. Readers not familiar with its greatness have to take the biographer's word for it. Some of Stefan Zweig's friends contend that his original plan foresaw a second volume dealing exclusively with Balzac's books. In fact, he worked on the present tome for about ten years without really finishing it. His friend and literary executor, Richard Friedenthal, tells us that "in the darkening shadows of his last days Stefan Zweig even suggested that it would probably be impossible to comprehend in his full stature such a gigantic figure as Balzac." It would be saying too much to call the present "Balzac" the definitive" biography of the great Frenchman. Still Mr. Friedenthal has put together Zweig's material skilfully and given us a fascinating book.

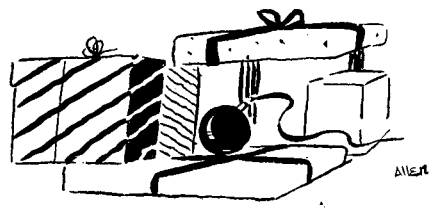
Romantic Treasure Chest

THE BLUE FLOWER. Best Stories of the Romanticists. Edited by Hermann Kesten. New York: Roy Publishers. 1946. *xvi* + 675 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

IN one of his searching, but alas, too little known critical studies, Maxim Gorki, while stating that literary realism can be accurately defined, complains that romanticism has as yet eluded a comprehensive definition acceptable to all historians of literature. And he adds:

> We have to differentiate between two sharply diverging trends within



> Romantic literature. There is a passive Romanticism which tries to reconcile man with reality by idealizing the latter, or to divert man from reality. . . . There is, on the other hand, an active Romanticism, intent upon the strengthening of man's will to live and his rebellion against reality, against all sorts of oppression and evil. In great artists, Realism and Romanticism are always somehow united.

"The Blue Flower," a nice fat volume, a real Christmas volume, contains stories by romanticists of both kinds, plus a few romantic tales by great writers (Balzac, Goethe, Keller, Gogol) whose work as a whole lies definitely outside the realm of romanticism. Therefore, a critic more devoted to the rigid rules of exact classification than this reviewer might object that "The Blue Flower" should have been called a book of romantic stories instead of a collection of "stories of the Romanticists."

Readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature* are familiar with the main part of Hermann Kesten's introduction to the volume, published a few weeks ago in these pages. Some may have agreed with Mr. Kesten's contention that "we live in romantic times," and some may have disagreed with it, but there will be hardly any disagreement among them about the wit, the aphoristic brilliance, and the excellent literary taste with which he presents his opinions. And there can be no doubt whatsoever that he is the exact kind of anthologist he describes:

> This is the primal urge of all of us anthologists. The child pointing out a star or a butterfly, a flower or a dew drop to its mother with the delighted cry, "Look, how lovely!" is the prototype of the honest anthologist. He grabs the sleeve of his friend, his wife or sister, of the

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CHAPTER HEADINGS

The following distinctive chapter headings are taken from well-known novels. How many of their sources can you name? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 23.

1. A Flirtation, By Doctor's Orders.
2. Blue Boy.
3. Containing Further Particulars Concerning the Pleasant Old Gentleman and His Hopeful Pupils.
4. Fiddler's Hut.
5. How the Beast Folk Tasted Blood.
6. If Love Were All!
7. Knight-Errantry as a Trade.
8. Lady Lillian Rides for Burke.
9. O K*a*p*l*a*n! My K*a*p*l*a*n!
10. Ruined, and Going Downhill.
11. Shows How First Love May Interrupt Breakfast.
12. The Baker Street Irregulars.
13. The Contents of a Ginger-Jar Make Everybody Happy.
14. The Garden Between Dawn and Sunrise.
15. The In-Or-In.
16. The Telegraph Office.
17. The Way to Make the Cream Rise.
18. The White Ape.
19. Under the Umbrella.
20. Who Will Be the New Bishop?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man in the street, the nearest listener, reader or publisher and holds on and cries in delight, "Look, how lovely!"

He is right in grabbing your sleeve and in asking you to share his delight: the forty-five stories he presents to you in this collection are full of that deep and lasting delight emanating from jewels out of the treasure chest of world literature.

Any anthology is, by its very nature, fragmentary and partial. Mr. Kesten knows this very well, and he gives us a few of the "hundred reasons, nails to the anthologist's coffin" for the omission from his selection of many great romanticists. But even so, his bunch of blue flowers is so rich that it is impossible to name, within the allotted space, all of the stories, let alone to say a word or two about every one of them. Thus, this reviewer simply concludes his review by presenting his pick of "the best of the best"—those he read, like Mr. Kesten, "as a youth and as a man, and every time they seemed better and newer and more wonderful."

Here are a few of his choices: "Vanina Vanni," by Stendhal; "The Madness of Facino Cane," by Honoré de Balzac; "A Tragic Incident at Ravenna," by Byron; "The Earthquake in Chile," by Heinrich von Kleist; "The Jailer's Daughter," by Silvio Pellico; "The Little Mermaid," by Hans Christian Andersen; "The Gold Bug," by Edgar Allan Poe.

Short biographies of the authors are a welcome supplement to this volume.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 182

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 182 will be found in the next issue.

SVM'Y SUTZY XAZ CQD'Y

LKYZ MHKQCY ZV YPQCK.—

YVDDKZY THVC ZPK

XVHZASAKYK. — KBUEQLKZP

LQHHKZZ LHVFDUDS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 181

A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE
Religio Medici.

Artlessness Perfected and Tangled

THE MEMORIAL. By Christopher Isherwood. New York: New Directions. 1946. 294 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

NOT long ago I sat in on a discussion of British and American contemporary writing, during which Christopher Isherwood's name kept appearing and re-appearing like a boat against the horizon seen through a porthole in dirty weather. There were other British boats, too, of course: Evelyn Waugh and Rebecca West and Cyril Connolly and Nigel Balchin, but I seem to remember that a lot of highball glasses were trained on Isherwood, trying to determine what colors flew at his masthead. It wasn't a very good discussion, as I look uncomfortably back on it. Much of it was said out of pride and prejudice, and I think I can best describe it to you by saying that it was one of those conversations begun at 2 a.m. by guests who had been strangers to each other when they had foregathered at 8:30. It was an argument welcomed, however, by all except the martyred host and hostess, chiefly because it is always difficult to resist the opportunity of a new audience for one's worn epigrams, the bourbon was abundant and seemed to increase in excellence, and we were reluctant to face the reproach of the inexorably fading night outside the door. At such times a great many unimportant things are said with an air of importance and to no purpose, and the sophomore comes out strongly in the lingering, libating guest.

One thing which made the opinions and *dicta* interesting and unimportant was the fact that there were several writers present, and no one is more unsound than writers on the writing of others, except reviewers, who are professionally so. The usual generalities were uttered: that the British wrote better but had less to say; that the English were educated, not to say cultured, whereas Americans simply went away to school; that the Sassenach wrote with grace, lacking the American writers' vitality. But every now and then, up would pop Mr. Isherwood, who apparently was and wasn't a great many things; Isherwood, just when you thought you had him, had a way of evading the category. "Prater Violet" was plucked from the shelf, sniffed for its fragrance, and finally dissected, stamen, and pistil, and petal; and still, on the subject of Isherwood, there was as much unresolved opinion as before.

I think one thing which confused them is his very personal style, in

—*Caskey.*

Christopher Isherwood's "style is amateur and fresh, but it is amateur only in effect."

which he has all but perfected the art of artlessness, the way he has of writing as a man who is a good letter writer writes a good letter to a friend about people whom they both know. He does not try in the beginning, as many writers do, to make his characters seem interesting by building them up in the round. He assumes that you already know them and want to increase your information about them, and then proceeds to make them do and say interesting things. Isherwood's characters find great difficulty in being characters, because the easy, at times almost conversational, deceptive style insists upon their being people, invariably interesting people for whom he is acting as correspondent and who would have probably written to you had they not been too busy doing the things Christopher Isherwood is having them do at the time. The effect of Isherwood's style is amateur and fresh, but it is amateur only in effect, and he has so perfected this quality that it is engaging and clear and subtly flattering to the reader, because he, the reader, is not being written *at*, but *to*.

In the writing, and by that I mean both the style and the information, of "The Memorial," there was no disappointment for me, but I do have a dispute with Mr. Isherwood over the form, which is by way of saying that there is almost no form whatsoever. I cannot believe that he deliberately set out to confuse and irritate the reader by so shuffling his scenes and his chronology as to make them bewildering, but if not, he has achieved

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

virtually the same effect in innocence.

It is divided into four Books, dated, in a sprung calendar, 1928-1920-1925-1929. "The Memorial" is an album of people, pictures taken by Isherwood, and the title is lifted in irony from a scene in the 1920 section, when a war memorial is dedicated in the village of Chapel Bridge. The whole book, of course, is intended as an ironic and pitiful memorial to Isherwood's selected group of survivors, who have survived the war only physically, and who are its traumatic and untended casualties.

Richard Vernon was killed in the war. Lily, his wife, retired gracefully into a sort of mourning-dove widowhood, enlivened by the subtle conflict with Eric, her son and, later, by a demure flirtation with a lonely, retired Army officer, an affair which died of delicacy. Eric escaped from the sad, tender toils of Lily into the Catholic Church. There is Mary, Richard's sister, who married a handsome, graceless Irishman and divorced him, and watched her son, Maurice, a charming and dangerous boy, grow into his father's image. There is Anne, Mary's daughter, who made a *faute de mieux* marriage, and there is a tortured man named Edward Blake, whose life is the sharp edge of despair and tragedy throughout the book, and who fails in his attempt at suicide, as he has failed to cope with his homosexuality, or to relinquish the woman who blindly, masochistically tries to save him.

And this is about all one can do, this elliptical listing, because there is not much else to tell of what would have been the story. These people are shown in the various years, back and forth, and on the last page of "The Memorial" they are still, with the possible exception of Eric, living as lost and as meaninglessly as before. The good things are in the certain scenes: the scene in which what might have been a half-happiness for Lily and Major Charlesworth is slain by sweet courtesy; the fine scene at the dedication of the monument, when the family momentarily experiences a kind of unity, and the sad and painful scenes between Edward Blake and Margaret Lanwin, who cannot escape from each other. The Vernons and their relatives and friends are valid and convincing people, and their lives have meaning for the reader if not for themselves, but Isherwood makes it onerous and even tiresome to sort them out and to follow their lives in their directions and tangencies because he refuses them sequence. To me, there seems no perceptible device of art in this, but only something arbitrary and secret.

"A Well of Love"

LOVE. By Walter de la Mare. New York: William Morrow & Co., Inc. 1946. 822 pp. $5.

Reviewed by BERNARD SOBEL

"HOW then of the word Love?" Starting with this seemingly casual sentence as the incentive for an excursion in semantics, Walter de la Mare explores every step along the circuitous path of the passion. And in so doing, he exposes mercilessly, yet sympathetically, the human heart, secretive and confessing, spiritual and mephitic, pulsating and moribund, a compact reflection of the changing universe.

His procedure is notably impartial,

a persistent endeavor to cite the antithetical, to balance truth with truth. He wastes no time discussing the authenticity of the emotion, untroubled by the fact that romantic love has been called "a fading symbol" and the invention of twelfth-century troubadours.

> It has recently been declared that Love among the living poets is demoded "owt of towne," "gon with all." . . . Nevertheless there are new poems here, scores elsewhere, to prove this is not the whole truth. It would be against human nature.

For him, indeed, the emotion is alive, rampant, and capable of multiple ramifications. Many of these, he discusses at length, confirming his findings with epigrams, such as:

> And even the truest love, a love all loving-kindness and long-suffering, may be tried almost beyond human endurance.
>
> The more there is of the physical in any love, the more precarious its continuance is likely to be.
>
> There is no end . . . to a woman's wiles, and there may be none to a man's guile or stupidity. . . . With all her faults we love her still; remembering our own.
>
> Sex is the active but erratic maid of all work in the House of Life; she lives in the kitchen, may be a drunken and gluttonous drab, or a perfect treasure.

Willingly or unwillingly, the most idealistic lover must admit the truth of the following observations:

> There is nothing so naked of prolonged interest as lovers' nothings.
>
> It is love's folly and its glory that it may survive contempt, defeat and treachery [yet] even in a love long trustfully exchanged, a cold or hasty word or look, a mere glance of indifference, the faintest scratching of the privy paw of self-interest . . . may in a graceless moment cut so deep that even the customary "dearest" or "darling" will refuse for a while to pass the lips.

Nevertheless, regardless of the disillusion and frustration, this solacing thought comes through: "In every true love there is a touch of genius."

Continuing his study of semantics, Walter de la Mare says words resemble chameleons which take on the complexion of the minds that use them. And to prove this statement, he demonstrates how the word Love performs varied services for twenty different authors while simultaneously revealing the value that each one of them sets on the emotion itself. The close kinship which love bears to poetry and fiction is illustrated effectively through crisp bits of literary criticism like the following:

> [Hazlitt's] "Liber Amoris" resembles many love stories of its kind—wherein the love, the idolization, is all on one side. It is the story of "Pamela," without the villain; and only the coldly prosaic could read it without sympathy.
>
> What . . . we derive from a novel may resound with echoes from the depths of our own hearts and souls, of which, without its help, we might have remained unaware. . . . It is indeed as difficult to dissociate love, in all its kinds and phases, from living, as sex from being.
>
> . . . although poetry is the world's confessional, the world itself seldom attends this particular church.

Skilfully, De la Mare makes obscure aspects of the passion understandable. At one moment he centers on the petty and the personal only to swerve suddenly and justifiably to the abstract and the universal. He supplies also, a brilliant collection of definitions of love and indicates also the current illusive conception of the passion as voiced by Rainer Maria Rilke: "Love consists in this, that two solitudes protect and touch and greet each other."

Somewhat uneven, however, is his treatment of specialists in love like

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pascal, Maurois, and Chateaubriand. He analyzes the theories of Herbert Spencer at some length and challenges Freud, but he makes no mention of Denys de Rougemont and "Love in the Western World." He gives sustained attention to Stendhal's theory of crystallization, but fails to consider that author's ideal of love known variously as "passion-love," or "love à l'italienne": "the attachment of two free fellow creatures, who find the highest possible pleasure, not in passing so many happy hours of the day or night together, but in living one life."

And oddly enough, there is no reference to Bembo or Cavalcanti or so-called "love poets" like Sappho and Ronsard, "the unconquerable amorist."

As a whole, the introduction is informative, outspoken, and comprehensive, but not exhaustive, for certain cults and concepts which have had an important influence on literature receive no consideration. There is, indeed, a passing reference to the Courts of Love, but no discussion of Neo-Platonic love in England and its effect on Elizabthan sonneteers. Proust's theory of suffering is touched on in a single brief quotation, but there is no comment on his concept of love as a malady. Missing also, are sidelights on Petrarch, "the ladder of love," *précieux* love, the Byronic "pageant of a bleeding heart," Ernest Dowson's sponsorship of the love of little girls, and Anatole France's volupté.

Though De la Mare states that his selections are "wanting both in method and consistency," the poet-novelist's procedure is unquestionably systematic, establishing the worth of the volume as a scientific study, fresh, provocative and profound. And the titular divisions indicate the scope of the work, for they include First Love, Divine Love, Lamented Love, Betrayed Love, Unrequited Love, and Love after Death. Missing, though, is that tantalizing expression of passion, love of old age for youth or middle age, the kind of disproportionate infatuation represented so vividly by Madame du Deffand and Horace Walpole.

Happily though, in so far as the selections, in general, are concerned, they offer no opportunity for the customary anthology quibbling. They are right because they all serve one purpose—the editor's. And he is eminently worthy of his title, for he has sensitivity, imagination, and catholicity.

In spite of the omissions here noted, "Love" has encyclopedic dimensions. No writer can do without it. No lover dare neglect it.

An Unsatisfactory War to Fight

THE DIM VIEW. By Basil Heatter. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1946. 256 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

ACTUALLY, there has been very little good fiction written about the war just ended. No talent has emerged which is even remotely as exciting as that displayed in Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms" or Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers." Certainly no one, either victor or vanquished, has written a novel with the bitter brilliance of Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front." Perhaps it is too early; perhaps, too, the war ended with too great a violence, too sudden an introduction to a new and frightening and still only dimly understood time. After all, Hemingway's gentle but passionate love story of Catherine Barkley and Frederic Henry was not published until 1929, and it was nearly three years after the Armistice before Dos Passos was able to organize his unhappy memories into what is a classic account of sensitive men doing a completely senseless job.

Until now, there have been at least half a dozen superb factual books about the last—meaning "completed," not necessarily "final"—war, all the way from A. J. Liebling's early "The Road Back to Paris" to Drew Middleton's recent "Our Share of Night." But in the field of imaginative writing, the only books of real importance have been Harry Brown's moving but contrived "A Walk in the Sun" and Peter Bowman's "Beach Red," a long poem which, on rereading, seems rather artificial and unimportant.

Basil Heatter's "The Dim View" is neither a very great nor a very original novel. Basically, it is no more than a rewrite of what Hemingway did much better when he told the story of Frederic and Catherine. The hero is a rather traditional, and slightly dull, young man. He is sensitive, introspective, and handsome, the commander of that most delicate and dangerous instrument of war, a PT boat; the heroine is a simple, almost too beautiful Australian girl. The other characters are shadowy, most of them more like carelessly drawn caricatures than people—the Jewish refugee who is afraid to fight but, naturally, is killed in an act of incredible heroism; the gentle enlisted man who fears he won't "measure up" but, of course, does; the nurse who is cold and slightly cruel but, it appears, is simply waiting for our hero to make love to her; the two Annapolis men, one a coward, the other a publicity-seeking fool. The war was not as simple as that; the people who won it were as complex and as diverse as human beings always are—everywhere.

And yet, there is considerable merit in Mr. Heatter's novel. No other piece of writing that I know has so clearly and frankly caught the talk of fighting men, Anglo-Saxon filth and all; despite the overtones of Hemingway, no other recent book has told so moving and complete and satisfying a love story; no novel about the Pacific war has explained quite so well the fact that can now be admitted, namely, that the war in Europe was a more satisfactory war to fight. A goal might be only a mutilated shell of a city, but, once you reached it, it was a place you had heard about and knew was a recognizable step nearer the end. But in the Pacific men fought, and too frequently died, on unknown bits of coral that were unknown and unsung and almost immediately forgotten.

Basil Heatter has "clearly and frankly caught the talk of fighting men, Anglo-Saxon filth and all."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 663)

ROBERT FROST:

TO A YOUNG WRETCH

And though in tinsel chain and popcorn rope,
My tree a captive in your window bay
Has lost its footing on my mountain slope
And lost the stars of heaven, may, oh may
The symbol star it lifts against your ceiling
Help me accept its fate with Christmas feeling!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
EDITORIAL BOARD
Editor
Norman Cousins
Chairman, Editorial Board
Henry Seidel Canby
Associate Editors
Amy Loveman
William Rose Benet
John Mason Brown
Harrison Smith
Contributing Editors
Bennett Cerf
Mary Gould Davis
Paul Henry Lang
John T. Winterich
Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President

Contents Copyrighted, 1946, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

BREAKERS AHEAD!

WRITERS and publishers and books are usually good copy for the newspapers, but rarely has there been so much about them in the press as there is today. In the last few weeks the disease of censorship has spread from coast to coast, sponsored principally by the continued and violent campaign in the Hearst press against what it calls "filthy" books. There have been innumerable stories on the tumult in literary circles over James M. Cain's proposal for an American Authors' Authority and recently on the legal shindig in the hitherto tranquil membership of the Authors' Guild. A group of dissenting members, calling themselves The Committee for Action, won their case in a New York Court to the surprise of nearly everyone including the officers of the Guild who knew they had tradition on their side, since it was the first time in New York State that an application was made for an inspection of both the membership list and the minutes of the meetings of the executive body in a membership corporation. These unruly writers wanted to know what the Guild had been doing to protect their interests, meaning better pay for what they sold, and who voted for what measures; and they wanted to be able to convince the two thousand and more fellow members scattered over the country that the present office holders should be tossed out in the next election.

That this is not a mere tempest in a literary teapot is obvious from a sentence taken from Justice Bernard L. Shientag's twelve-page decision.

> The Committee for Action urges the adoption of a uniform author-publisher contract which would provide for the leasing rather than the outright sale of the book and subsidiary rights . . . and the attainment of certain other objectives which the group regards as desirable.

This sentence should make publishers and the overlords of the motion picture industry sit up and take notice. They may well think that the attainment of "certain other objectives" is a phrase that is more menacing to them in the future than the revolutionary idea of authors leasing rather than selling their work and its subsidiary rights, though this, as you may recall from our earlier editorial on the proposed American Authors' Authority, was the central point of Mr. Cain's over-ambitious brainstorm in *The Screen Writer Magazine*, after it is divorced from his idea that all copyrights should be deposited with his Authors' Authority.

Only writers and businesses producing their work may be interested in a legal decision involving the Authors' Guild, but the entire reading public must be deeply concerned with a case in another New York court last week in which Edmund Wilson's "Memoirs of Hecate County" was held to be obscene. The further production and sale of this volume of short stories by one of our foremost critics is thereby stopped in New York State, more effectively than if the books were collected and burned in front of Fifth Avenue's Public Library, for unless the ruling is later reversed, anyone guilty of selling the book can be sentenced to one year in jail. The Society for the Suppression of Vice brought the action against the publisher, won its case, and thus revived the witch hunt that has been stifled for several years by its failure to secure convictions against books that could be considered the work of reputable and sincere writers and therefore, in one way or another, works of literature.

Most of us believed that the decision in 1933 by Hon. John M. Woolsey that effectively lifted the ban on James Joyce's "Ulysses" also set a distinguished precedent that would be followed by other courts. Toward the end of his decision the judge wrote that he had given the book to two unprejudiced and intelligent readers.

> Both agreed with my opinion that reading "Ulysses" in its entirety, as a book must be read on such a test as this, did not tend to excite sexual inpulses or lustful thoughts, but that its net effect on them was only that of a somewhat tragic and very powerful commentary on the inner lives of men and women. It is only with the normal person that the law is concerned. . . . My considered opinion, after long reflection, is that whilst in many places the effect of "Ulysses" on the reader undoubtedly is somewhat emetic nowhere does it tend to be an aphrodisiac.

With a few reservations as to whether Edmund Wilson's chapter in "Memoirs of Hecate County" titled "The Princess with the Golden Hair" is emetic, or is as sincerely devoted to a commentary on the inner lives of men and women as it is to reciting a pretty tall story, Judge Woolsey's words might apply to the case for "Memoirs of Hecate County." But it is our opinion that "Memoirs of Hecate County" could not hurt any normal adult, that adult books should be written for normal adult people, and that authors should not have to keep an eye on bobby-soxers and adolescent boys while they are seriously at work.

It is ironical that it is a critic's book that has given the censorship drive new impetus. But some of the responsibility, at least, for the spread of the censorship of books throughout the country must be laid to the foolhardy publishers and writers who have taken the apparent quiescence of the censors in the past to mean that they could safely produce works of an erotic nature that had no pretensions to being literature or to any purpose more serious than the dollar sign. Many publishers seemed to flaunt their books in the faces of the self-appointed vice societies, advertising them in a way that the public could not mistake, permitting material in bad taste and unnecessarily frivolous scenes to remain. Too many trivial books have reached immense sales through being "banned in Boston."

The immediate response to the court decision against "Memoirs of Hecate County" is to set the hounds baying all over the country. Books that have been safe from censorship will be thumbed over again for raw passages, the innocent girls and boys supposedly debauched by reading the classics will again be trotted out as object lessons. A portion of the press will thunder against that literature that presents the inner and the sexual lives of human beings. On the day after the decision was rendered the *New York Journal American* gave it a four-column headline: "'Hecate' Ban Spurs Drive to Bar Filthy Books. Urge Penalty to Include Authors." It continued, ominously,

> A stronger state law against the sale of obscene literature was looked for today as a result of the court decision banning the sale of the salacious book "Memoirs of Hecate County."

Nothing more need be said, except that the case must be appealed to higher courts, for this dangerous and infectious decision must be repealed.

H.S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AAA

SIR: Mr. James M. Cain's Authority belongs to that section of the world where freedom is an obsolete word. His plan relegates the newcomer to the limbo of forgotten men and women and there would be a place for only those writers who were fortunate enough to find steady employment with the magazines or the studios; the others would be forced to look for something else. There wouldn't be any free lance writers, and those who were stubborn and wanted to call themselves free lance writers would have to write what the Authority wanted to copyright. It would take the whole pleasure of self-expression away from the writer and he would become a badge number and would operate under the watchful eye of the Authority.

Mr. Cain is not out to help the poor impoverished writer; he is out to help poor Mr. Cain; but if Mr. Cain were not the author of several books and was, instead, a writer trving to get a footing in the field he would say that the Authority was un-American, dangerous, and off color.

GEORGE H. FREITAG.

North Canton, O.

SIR: My vote goes to Farrell in your Cain-Farrell bout. The voice is the voice of Cain, but the hand is the hand of Stalin, sure as fate. Clearly, Cain didn't realize it.

What fills me with recurring wonder is: who ever was so thoughtless or ignorant as to imagine that writers would go for any sort of "authority"? The very concept of an American authors' "authority" is comic.

Up here some of us are setting up, *not* organizing, an American Authors' Anarchy. Our letterhead carries the names, among others, of Thomas Jefferson, Tom Paine, Abraham Lincoln.

ROGER WILLIAM RIIS.

South Kent, Conn.

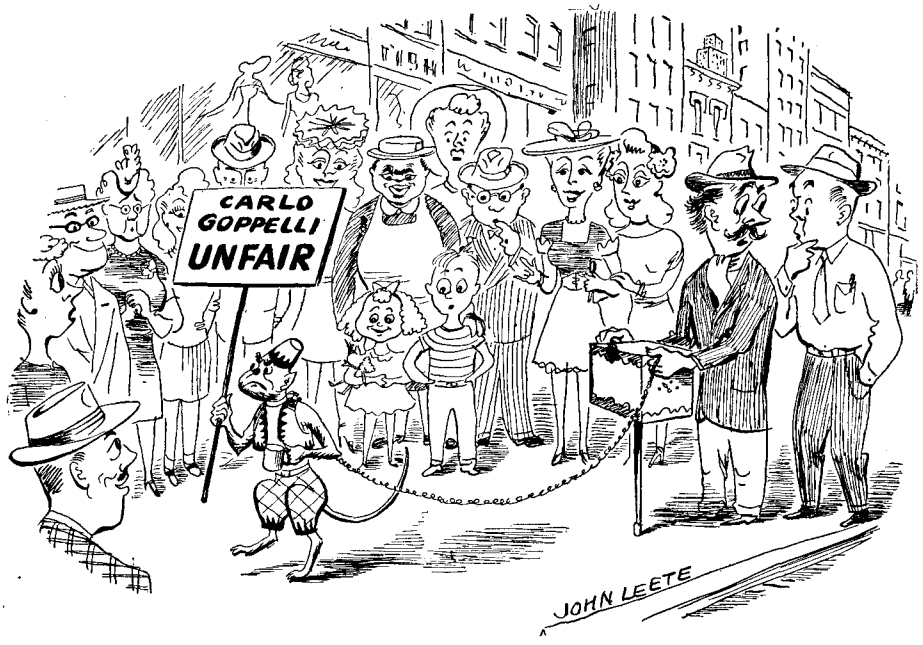
SIR: Following your prejudiced editorial against the American Authors' Authority plan, I wrote to you stating that your attitude was suspect because you presented only one side of the case. Your attitude is still suspect after your left-handed attempt to present both sides by inviting a one-man professional obstructionist like James T. Farrell to be the printed spokesman for the opposition. Farrell has no standing as such a mouthpiece. An official of the Authors' League or a member of the opposing group, the American Writers' Association, would have been the logical one. But as Jim Cain pointed out, you are to be congratulated in helping the AAA by publishing Farrell's usual ridiculous and meaningless double-talk.

You didn't publish my previous letter in favor of the AAA, but chose to publish the letter of an avowed apprentice writer who is against it, and who obviously doesn't know what she is talking about. If you keep this up, you'll get yourself out on a real limb. I might even get so disgusted with you I'd cancel my subscription, and then where would you be?

Climb on the bandwagon where you belong as a critical journal, or at least play fair. The AAA general idea, in one form or another, even after some time, is coming if writers can get over the desperate and deep-seated phobia that they must be economic mice.

THEODORE PRATT.

Boca Raton, Fla.



"Petrillo tell him he worka for peanuts."

Standard Oil Rebuttal

SIR: Along with a number of your other readers, we have been left somewhat breathless by the vehemence of Mr. Lawrence R. Pohle's reaction to the picture showing our oil drilling rig near the Egyptian pyramids.

If Mr. Pohle envisions this lone rig as the precursor of such a forest of derricks as exists at Long Beach in his native California, then we can well understand his concern. However, before he consumes valuable energy in pressing his cause before the United Nations, we feel that he should be in possession of the following facts:

1. An oil drilling rig today is purely a temporary structure with no more permanence than the scaffolding on a building during construction. What most people are used to seeing are smaller derricks used only for maintenance purposes. Even these, under most modern practices, are eliminated by mobile service rigs. Nothing remains but an unobtrusive cluster of valves extending perhaps three feet above the ground.

The Long Beach field, while still producing oil, belongs to an outmoded era. If Mr. Pohle could see the new fields brought in in other parts of the country, free of derricks after production has been achieved, we believe he would be pleasantly surprised.

2. The photograph which made Mr. Pohle "hopping mad" was a long-distance shot taken from an elevation. Actually, the drilling rig was more than four miles from the nearest pyramid. Because the pyramids are located in the Nile Valley and the rig was set far back on the escarpment, tourists with keen eyes could have seen only its tip from the base of the pyramids.

3. As a matter of fact, the well which aroused Mr. Pohle's ire, Abu Roash No. 1, encountered no oil. In November the last vestige of equipment was taken from this site, leaving only a hole which we assume the imperturbable desert has already filled with sand.

We hope that this additional information may serve somewhat to allay the concern of Mr. Pohle, and possibly others of your readers. We in Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) certainly have no less respect than anyone else for these inspiring monuments of a great age in history.

G. H. FREYERMUTH.

New York, N. Y.

Trade Winds

SIR: Who cares where you print Bennett Cerf, aperitif or dessert or main course!

He would be entertaining were you to print his column upside down, broadwise across the page—even if your makeup man pied a handful or two!

Just keep him scribbling regularly.

GEORGE P. LISCHER.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Hymns of Hate

SIR: He surely is a dunce
Who writes a sentence once
Then begins again to bray
"That is to say . . ."

DICKERSON P. MILES.

Pine Beach, N. J.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

AND CAULDRON BUBBLE

IN MATTERS gastronomic William Shakespeare cannot hold a skillet to Fannie Farmer. Even his bay leaves would not be safe from her. Although he may be the king of poets, she is the queen of pots and pans and double-boilers.

He loved food and drink, as what healthy biped does not whose palate is unatrophied. The equatorial circumference of Falstaff's girth is a guarantee of this. Shakespeare's taste could, however, be eccentric. On one occasion it led him to a menu so unconventional that most housewives have come to lean on Mrs. Farmer as the more reliable guide.

Few moderns, for example, can stomach the thought of that entree served at a banquet by Titus Andronicus as a means of revenge. We hope this ghoulish goulash was a *spécialité* of his *maison,* and his alone. It was Titus, of course, who feasted the mother of the two ravishers of his daughter by placing before her a pie made from the ground flesh and bones of her sons. Said he to these boys before preparing them for the meal:

> Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
> And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
> And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
> And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
> And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
> Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
> This is the feast that I have bid her to,
> And this the banquet she shall surfeit on.

Vague as Shakespeare may be in listing the exact incidentals with which to make this filial stew appetizing, he does offer in another, better known play a somewhat more definite recipe which is likewise missing from the orthodox cookbooks. The cauldron necessary for its preparation may explain why it is beyond Mrs. Farmer's range. Such of its required ingredients as poisoned entrails, venomous toads, eye of newt, adder's fork, lizard's leg, scale of dragon, nose of Turk, and finger of birth-strangled babe are hard to locate at the A & P, even with the ceilings off. Still, as a formula for Witches' Broth, it seems dependable enough. Moreover, its appeal is not limited to hags met at midnight upon a heath. If properly boiled and baked, it can be ladled out so that playgoers relish it every bit as much as Graymalkins.

Lillian Hellman has long known this. But even she, mistress though she is of this kind of cooking, has never dug so deep in the Weird Sisters' cauldron as she does in "Another Part of the Forest."* Those villainous Hubbards to whom Miss Hellman introduced us in "The Little Foxes" are once again her concern. When first we met them, they were a frightening crew. Now we realize that, bad as they were, they were better than they had been. For, instead of following them forward in time in a sequel, Miss Hellman has gone backwards twenty years in their lives in a melodrama which could serve "The Little Foxes" as a prologue.

Having become acquainted with the Hubbards first at the century's turn and now in 1880, we would be curious to meet them in 1920 and 1940. Who can tell to what virtues they may have succumbed? Evidently, there is hope for us all. If the Hubbards continue to improve every twenty years as much as they did between "Another Part of the Forest" and "The Little Foxes," they or their descendants must by this time have turned into pillars of Rotary, earnest young ladies in the Girls' Friendly, and citizens who can face an income tax investigator, a minister, a district attorney, a lie detector, and neighbors — or even themselves—without blushing.

Regardless of the decencies which may have overtaken them of recent years, the Hubbards were a shamelessly indecent gang in 1880. Their Alabama mansion in "Another Part of the Forest" is less a home than an adders' nest. Adders' nest? That is far too tame. One clan of vipers, however poisonous, is not enough to suggest the qualities of the early Hubbards. Throw in water moccasins, rattlers, cobras, pythons, and you may have some notion of what a Ditmars's delight their menage is. But don't stop there. For good measure, toss in a loon, a congress of buzzards, an octopus or two, a school of man-eating sharks, a litter of skunks, and don't overlook the boll weevil. In short, find every possible human equivalent for the venomous toads, the eye of newt, or lizard's leg upon which Shakespeare fed his crones, and you will have some foretaste of the Witches' Broth Miss Hellman is serving audiences—to their delight.

Her Hubbards—at least such of them as have not lost their wits—are a lying, thieving, shouting, cheating, bullying lot. They are a band of dry-land pirates commanded by an appalling old brigand named Marcus. He is married to an insane woman, and is the father of the Regina, Ben, and Oscar who in their later years, stalk through "The Little Foxes."

For his merciless daughter, Regina, old Marcus shows an incestuous fondness, and for his sons only contempt. Their hatred of him is as well merited as is his loathing of them. Marcus is the richest man in the county and the most warmly despised. He has made a fortune by running the blockade during the Civil War and selling salt to his neighbors at exorbitant prices. As a draft dodger during those war years, he was also responsible for a massacre of Confederate soldiers. His black heart admits only three loves — money, his daughter, and music. It is the fight for the domination of the Hubbard fortune between Marcus and his no less unscrupulous elder son, Ben, that supplies "Another Part of the Forest" with its major plot. It is a fight to the finish in which no holds are barred, a pistol is flourished and the sulphurous father is finally blackmailed into submission.

*ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST, a play by Lillian Hellman. Staged by Miss Hellman. Setting by Jo Mielziner. Costumes by Lucinda Ballard. Original music by Marc Blitzstein. Presented by Kermit Bloomgarden. With a cast including Percy Waram, Mildred Dunnock, Leo Genn, Margaret Phillips, Patricia Neal, and Scott McKay. At the Fulton Theatre.

—*Graphic House.*

Patricia Neal's and Percy Waram's mansion "is less a home than an adder's nest."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

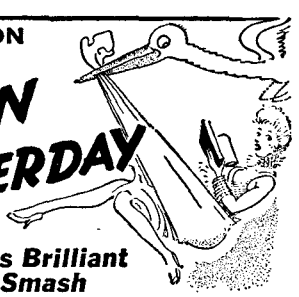
The Musical Hit
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, John Conte, Jean Casto, Alice Tobin
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Harold Keel • David Burns • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

the Smash COMEDY Hit by...
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
STATE OF THE UNION
1946 Pulitzer Prize Play
Produced by LELAND HAYWARD
★ New York—Hudson Theatre
★ Chicago—Blackstone Theatre
★ Portland—Mayfair theatre

"A MUSICAL SPARKLER"—Walter Winchell
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
The Smash Hit Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
with BETTY GARRETT
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
IN NEW YORK—NATIONAL THEATRE
41st St. West of B'way. Mats. Wed. and Sat.
and ON TOUR
BOSTON—SHUBERT THEATRE
"Broadway's Biggest Revue Hit!"—LIFE MAG.

MAX GORDON
presents
BORN YESTERDAY



The Nation's Brilliant Comedy Smash
by GARSON KANIN
NEW YORK • Lyceum Theatre
BOSTON • Wilbur Theatre

If this struggle, recorded in all its ugly particulars, is not edifying, it is nonetheless fascinating. Horror for horror's unsweet sake has an appeal of its own. Any tabloid editor knows this, and every crowd gathered by an accident proves it. Bad news in all its details commands an audience good news can seldom claim. As seismographs, our spines seem to be even more sensitive than our hearts. We have an optimistic way of taking the virtues of average living for granted. It is the exceptional which captures our fancy. The more sensational, the more unnatural this may be, the more our imaginations are enslaved.

Psychologically at any rate, it is horror piled upon horror that Miss Hellman sets before us in "Another Part of the Forest." The fun—the good, tingling, almost freak-show fun—of her melodrama comes from the wholesale villainy of her characters. Her guignol grows in absorption as her people prove increasingly sinister. If I call Miss Hellman's new work a "guignol" rather than a "drama," it is because I, at least, found it as easy to enjoy as it was difficult to take seriously. Engrossing though it is, it lacks the social comment of "The Little Foxes." What "The Little Foxes" managed to say about an exploiting class in the South in terms of the Hubbards, "Another Part of the Forest" says only about the Hubbards as a peculiar and horrendous family.

Miss Hellman's new script deals with too special a case for its own dramatic well-being. What it gains in immediate thrills, it loses in abiding validity. It is overfilled with climaxes and confrontations, and so rouged that it has little relationship to life. But it is uncommonly effective theatre; one of those plays that would languish if exposed to the sunlight, but that flourishes in the footlights' glare.

Most of our dramatists appear to be fairly anaemic folk. They (and we) are lucky if they stumble upon one compelling idea, squeeze one situation dry, or create one vivid character. Not so Miss Hellman. Hers is an energy so robust that she seems to be unaware of its power. Her mind is vigorous. Her eye for character is rich and detailed; her gift for pungent lines is uncommon, and her mastery genuine of the strategies by means of which separate scenes are lashed into memorability.

If in the old parlor game Miss Hellman were being assigned spiritual parents, hers unquestionably would be Ibsen and the Duchess of Malfi. Although she works in prose rather than poetry, she has an Elizabethan's vitality and an Elizabethan's relish of the

HERMAN LEVIN and OLIVER SMITH present
No Exit
A New Play by JEAN-PAUL SARTRE
Adapted by PAUL BOWLES
ANNABELLA • CLAUDE DAUPHIN • RUTH FORD
Directed by JOHN HUSTON
BILTMORE THEA., 47th St. W. of B'way
Evgs. at 9:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 3:00

The Theatre Guild & John C. Wilson present
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
"O Mistress Mine"
A Comedy by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
EMPIRE THEA., 40 & Bway. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

"Infused with excitement and eloquence. A show to gladden the season." Barnes, Herald Tribune.
JOSE FERRER in
CYRANO de BERGERAC
Frances Reid • Ralph Clanton
Hiram Sherman • Paula Laurence
Francis Compton • Ernest Graves • William Woodson
BARRYMORE Thea. 47 St. W. of B'way. CI 6-0390
Evs. incl. Sun. 8:30. Mats. Sat. & Sun. at 2:30
2 PERFORMANCES EVERY SUNDAY

ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
the VOICE of the TURTLE
BEATRICE PEARSON • ALAN BAXTER • VICKI CUMMINGS
MOROSCO Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:35. Mats. Wed & Sat.

The Playwrights' Company presents
INGRID BERGMAN
in
"JOAN OF LORRAINE"
A New Play by MAXWELL ANDERSON
ALVIN Theatre, 52nd St. West of Broadway.
Evgs. 8:35. Matinees Wed. & SAT. 2:35

Paramount Presents
IRVING BERLIN'S
"BLUE SKIES"
in TECHNICOLOR
Bing Crosby • Fred Astaire
Joan Caulfield
Produced by Sol C. Siegel
Directed by Stuart Heisler
IN PERSON
Stan Kenton and Orchestra
Dean Murphy
EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION
THE KING COLE TRIO
Times Square PARAMOUNT Midnight Feature Nightly

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Handy-Sized Merriam-Webster

Best Because It Is Based On "The Supreme Authority"

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE is the most dependable handy dictionary for home and office because it is a compact abridgment of the famous *Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition*—"The Supreme Authority." Defines all the words most commonly used. 1,300 pages; 110,000 entries. $5 to $10.00, depending on binding. If your dealer happens to be out of stock, try him again—we are delivering more WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATES than ever before in our history, to supply the unprecedented demand. G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield 2, Mass.

MSS *to* *Books*

CONSULT

THE NORTH RIVER PRESS

if you have a MS which you wish to make into a book for special distribution

311 West 43 St. New York 18

TO ORDER ANY BOOK OR PHONOGRAPH RECORD USE THIS COUPON!

(Books sent postage free in U. S.)

Doubleday Book Shops

Mail Order Dept., 14LS

9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

Send the following. I enclose $.....

TITLES WANTED.....

.....

.....

.....

Name .....

Address .....

City..... *State*.....

ZONE NO.

horrible. In true Elizabethan fashion she dotes on melodrama. Technically, however, she employs the same tight workmanship which Ibsen perfected for his realistic plays.

Miss Hellman's energy is such that her tendency is to overdo. "A human being is the best plot there is," said Galsworthy. Certainly Miss Hellman's characters are vibrant enough as people not to need the aid of intricate story-telling. Yet her flair for contrivance is so great that often she is tempted to enmesh her characters in overcomplicated situations. Either her people or her plot in "Another Part of the Forest" would have been enough. The two together strain the credulity, and make a melodrama out of a play.

All guignols tread a dangerous tight-rope where the balance between what is fearsome and what is laughable is apt to be lost. The sense of

humor is the constant foe of the desire to be thrilled. One horror too many at any unpredictable moment can do to the illusion of a melodrama the same damage that the last straw does to the camel's back.

Although "Another Part of the Forest" risks these dangers, so reinforcing is Miss Hellman's skill as a director, and so excellent is her cast, that the evening never ceases to be enthralling. Miss Hellman is such a capable professional that even the serious doubts left by this scene or that, or by the wholesale wickedness of the Hubbards, do not intrude until after the final curtain has fallen. Then one may doubt and question, and find one's admiration mixed with misgivings. And wonder, for example, at the strange way in which a pistol is left lying on the table in the garrulous last act. But not while the performance is in progress.

The production is perfectly planned to emphasize the merits of the text. Jo Mielziner's settings are at once couriers and reminders of the tension at hand and the moral decay they house. Percy Waram's old Marcus is a superbly sardonic and vicious characterization. He is terrible in his power, badgered in his defeat, and exudes brimstone throughout. Leo

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

A glorious array of popular stars . . . a cavalcade of well-loved Jerome Kern melodies . . .

"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

in TECHNICOLOR

June Allyson—Lucille Bremer
Judy Garland—Kathryn Grayson
Van Heflin—Lena Horne
Van Johnson—Angela Lansbury
Tony Martin—Virginia O'Brien
Dinah Shore—Frank Sinatra
Robert Walker

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE

The Music Hall's far-famed Christmas holiday spectacle, "THE NATIVITY" . . . and a festive new Yuletide revue, "GOOD SHIP HOLIDAY" . . . produced by Leonidoff, settings by Bruno Maine. Symphony Orchestra directed by Charles Previn.

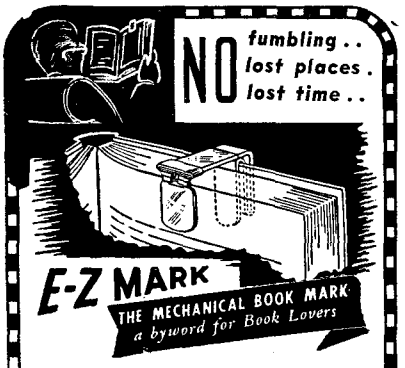
"Best film this year from Hollywood!"—N. Y. TIMES

"The BEST Years of Our Lives"

ASTOR BROADWAY AT 45th ST.

Continuous Performances

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It's new . . . it's atractive—a perfect companion for book lovers. Avoids dog-eared pages—holds your place in book from flyleaf to very last page.

Just clip E-Z Mark to back cover of book. The tab flips up and back again as pages turn, keeping exact place.

A PERMANENT USEFUL GIFT $1.00

Sold in stationery and book departments everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us $1.00 (cash, check or money order) and we shall promptly mail you E-Z Mark, postpaid.

SAPPHIRE PRODUCTS, Dept. G
28 W. 22nd St., New York 10, N. Y.
Made in U.S.A. Pat. No. 2387607

WHY WOMEN OVERRATE LOVE

Find the answer to this problem, authoritatively written by an eminent psychiatrist, at any leading newsstand. Ask for the December *ENCORE*, now on sale—25c a copy.

SCREEN

Based on the famous play by Louis Verneuil

HANDY WAY TO SUBSCRIBE

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for

☐ 1 yr. $6.00 ☐ 2 yrs. $9.00
☐ 3 yrs. $12.00

☐ Remittance Enclosed ☐ Bill Me

Name .....
Address .....
City .....Zone.....State.....

D14

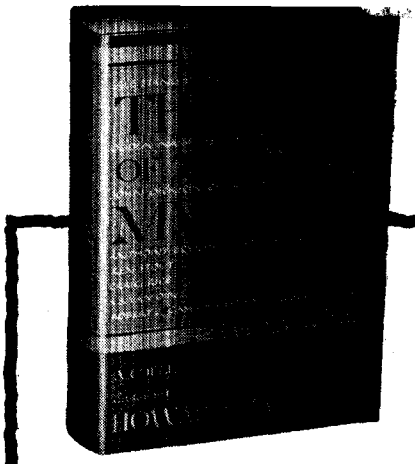
Genn is almost as formidable as the conscienceless Ben. If it is fair to particularize among the others, Mildred Dunnock is touching as the insane wife, and Patricia Neal gives an interesting prophecy of the Regina who is fated to grow up into Tallulah Bankhead.

All of them conspire with Miss Hellman to make her Witches' Broth "thick and slab," if I may once again quote the Third Witch instead of Fannie Farmer.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Now, Voyager," by Olive Higgins Prouty.
2. "State Fair," by Phil Stong.
3. "Oliver Twist," by Charles Dickens.
4. "Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche.
5. "The Island of Dr. Moreau," by H. G. Wells.
6. "The Prisoner of Zenda," by Anthony Hope.
7. "The Connecticut Yankee," by Mark Twain.
8. "Chad Hanna," by Walter D. Edmonds.
9. "The Education of Hyman Kaplan," by Leonard Q. Ross.
10. "Black Beauty," by Anna Sewall.
11. "Pendennis," by William Makepeace Thackeray.
12. "The Sign of the Four," by Conan Doyle.
13. "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," by Frank Stockton.
14. "Jurgen," by James Branch Cabell.
15. "Penrod and Sam," by Booth Tarkington.
16. "The Human Comedy," by William Saroyan.
17. "Lorna Doone," by Richard Blackmore.
18. "Tarzan of the Apes," by Edgar Rice Burroughs.
19. "Little Women," by Louisa May Alcott.
20. "Barchester Towers," by Anthony Trollope.



The first book of critical writings about the mystery story

FOR the bibliophile, the professional writer, the true mystery aficionado, Howard Haycraft has gathered 546 pages of brilliant and entertaining writing *about* the *mystery-crime-detective story*:

G. K. Chesterton defends the mystery story. Edmund Wilson attacks it. S. S. Van Dine gives 20 rules for writing it. Dorothy Sayers, Erle Stanley Gardner and other successful authors tell about their methods of work. Ogden Nash, Christopher Ward, E. V Lucas etc. explore the lighter side of crime. Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler, plus many more authors, critics, and editors offer helpful advice to writers and students—and inside stuff for readers.

THE ART OF THE MYSTERY STORY is a *must* for everyone interested in the technique of fiction.

THE ART OF THE MYSTERY STORY

Edited by Howard Haycraft

$5.00. At your bookseller's, or from the publishers.
Simon and Schuster, 1230 Sixth Ave., New York

ORDER BY MAIL TODAY

CIGARETTES

MINIMUM SHIPMENT — 3 CARTONS

ADD POSTAGE AND HANDLING FEE AS SCHEDULED BELOW

DISTANCE FROM N.Y.C.	UP TO 150 MI.	150 TO 300 MI.	300 TO 600 MI.	600 TO 1000 MI.	OVER 1000 MI.
3 or 4 CARTONS	15	17	21	26	30
5 CARTONS	23	26	32	38	44
6 or 7 CARTONS	24	28	35	44	51
8 CARTONS	25	30	39	49	58
9 or 10 CARTONS	26	32	42	54	66

No C.O.D. Orders Accepted—Mail Check or Money Order

BLACK'S CIGAR CO.
1028 BROAD ST., DEPT. S, NEWARK 2, N. J.

Save! YOU PAY ONLY $1.41 Per Carton of 10 Packages

- CHESTERFIELDS
- CAMELS • LUCKIES
- PHILIP MORRIS
- OLD GOLD • KOOL
- TAREYTON • REGENT
- RALEIGH • PALL MALL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEARING THINGS

BERLIOZ

THE NBC orchestra's season, conducted by the venerable maestro Toscanini, began with Berlioz's symphony entitled "Harold in Italy." As was to be expected, this curious work — half symphony, half concerto, at the same time neither— revived the hundred-year-old controversy that accompanied Berlioz throughout his career and is still with us. Was he a great composer or was he a freak? He was undoubtedly both, and this is quietly acknowledged even by his compatriots, yet to the general public and to many writers on music he remains something of an enigma.

Berlioz was one of the most characteristic phenomena of the high Romantic era, its one and only great French representative, whom critics have called the Victor Hugo or the Delacroix of music. And yet he stands isolated in the whole history of music and formed a school neither in his own country nor elsewhere. He was not understood in his lifetime and even today stands like a lonely rock which does not fit into any kind of surroundings. That this should be so is due partly to his musical limitations, which were considerable compared to the other leaders of the romantic movement, partly to his unruly, nervous, hyper-Romantic temperament which could never be satisfied. Possessed by the loftiest ideals, he was nevertheless intensely success-conscious. His private life, too, was filled with the greatest of contradictions; his character, at times soft and effeminate, at others flamboyant, here demoniac and revolutionary, there sarcastic and witty, could not acquiesce in the social scope of his time.

With Berlioz there appeared a new type of composer in the history of music: the champion of the *style énorme*, a style which at the same time had a literary tendency, *i.e.*, program music. He did not forswear "absolute" music, but with him it was no longer an autonomous art, his works have a concrete content, plot, and even action, which he communicates to the audience by means of a predetermined program. This means nothing less than that music, which by its very nature cannot obey any laws but its own (and these laws have precious little to do with the empirical world), is now required to follow the dictates of precise words, happenings, and situations. Such a thing is impossible and Berlioz and his whole art suffered from it. "Berlioz is a paradox become reality," was Saint-Saëns's diagnosis. A story cannot serve as the *formal* blueprint of a musical composition, hence Berlioz's eternal problem of trying to reconcile the requirements of the old musical forms with his literary directives. The more faithfully he followed his literary program the more he departed from the logic of musical construction, and since the function of the program is to influence the listener's imagination, the composer must operate with a musical language that is at all times characteristic, colorful, almost visual in its expressiveness; briefly, the descriptive-coloristic elements (the sound effects, one might almost say) assume an importance that overshadows the primarily and purely musical ones. This inevitably led Berlioz into the then largely uncharted field of orchestration, in which his achievements were truly extraordinary. His remarkable sense for instrumental color sought out the most unusual and unheard-of combinations, exploited the extreme ranges of the individual instruments, and thereby established entirely new expressive media and dynamic schemes. All this was greatly admired by the avant-garde of the times and bore fruit in the works of nearly all orchestral composers from Wagner to Mussorgsky, but it caused a great conflict in his own works because he was still too close to the Beethovenian era to be able to throw off the principles of symphonic construction. The orchestral composer before Berlioz did not orchestrate, he composed in an orchestral idiom in which the sonorities formed an integral part of the structure of the work. A symphony by Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven cannot be re-orchestrated for it would lose some of its essential features. In contradistinction we find Berlioz entangled in trying to maintain a traditional symphonic construction while following an extramusical program, to safeguard the logic of symphonic continuity while at every turn eerie combinations of sound tempt him into excursions into the side alleys. Every sonata movement in his larger works is thus rendered vague, episodic, and lacking in architectural strength. But in the works where he is not bound by convention, where he can permit his fierce temper and his coloristic imagination free reign, he produced real masterpieces. He still needed, though, some wildly romantic subject matter to succeed. One might say that he never composed significant music that owed its existence to purely musical inventiveness. His melodic gifts were scant and often very trivial, his knowledge of counterpoint elementary, and his harmonic sense verged on the primitive. But his eloquent orchestra and the furious drive that he often instiled into his compositions carried him over all obstacles. Berlioz was an uncommonly able man of letters, and it seems that the imagination which

"He really doesn't like liquor at all. He drinks just to be sociable."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could conceivably have produced fiction of the first magnitude drove him toward the grandiloquence of this curious blend of music and literature.

The ardent worshippers of Berlioz always cite the professed admiration for the French composer of such eminent musicians as Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner. Indeed, all three of them greeted the composer of the "Symphonie Fantastique" with hosannahs, but all of them cooled off afterwards. While program music is as old as music itself, before Berlioz it never played an even minor role in the history of music. Aside from a few occasional pieces which cannot be taken seriously, most compositions of this sort can stand on their own feet with or without a program, that is, they merely hint at a mood or at the source of inspiration, but are entirely governed by purely musical laws. Berlioz was the first real composer of program music, a grandiose and original composer, and the Romantics, engaged in the difficult task of weaning themselves from the musical architecture of classicism, thought for a moment that they had found their prophet. But the fine lyricist that was Schumann could not, in the long run, sincerely admire as clumsy a harmonist-melodist as was Berlioz, and after his warm greeting of the "Fantastique" he ceased to champion the Frenchman. Liszt, who himself was the composer of "tone poems," never subordinated his musical invention to orchestral effects, and in his writings criticized Berlioz rather severely, while Wagner, who admired Berlioz's handling of the orchestra, went on record, in his "Opera and Drama," as declaring the inferiority of tone-painting compared to both opera and pure symphonism

Ever since his own time Berlioz has been the non-musician's hero. The musicians are fascinated by the nervous mobility of his compositions, by the frequent flashes of genius, and by the ardor that permeates many of his works. But when the memory of a few wonderful single movements passes, what have we left? The impetuous wizard of the orchestra has not one major work which constitutes a well-composed harmonious whole.

PAUL HENRY LANG.

An Editor writes about his favorite magazine

"For several years the No. 1 magazine among our favorites has been Encore. It was founded after the war started by essayist Dent Smith, but now is edited by the staff of The Saturday Review of Literature. Encore used to describe itself as a 'continuing anthology', which in fact it still is, but the new editors prefer to call it 'a monthly magazine of 6000 years of reading pleasure'. The editors select from the whole range of man's writings, and from all times and places, the best short stories, satires, articles, essays, and criticisms, for reprinting . . . each selection having permanent value in its field."—*Topeka State Journal*

Interested?

$1 will bring you 6 issues of Encore

ENCORE, 25 W. 45 St., New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me ENCORE at the special introductory rate, for new subscribers only, of six months for only $1. (Regular rate $3 per year)

☐ Remittance enclosed ☐ Send bill later

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

S-14

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS IS A LONGHAIR

Variations on a theme by Haydn,
Take up most the time he's bidin'.
Albums full of works by Bach
Are much preferred to Martin Block.
Don't think that Condon's le jazz hot[1]
Has ever sent him—it has *not!*
This patron with the polished mind
Is always sure that he can find[2]
The greatest classics—need we murmur,
The best in music at G. Schirmer.

[1] Our second floor is crammed full of RCA VICTOR popular records too.
[2] Almost everything under the musical sun.

THESE RCA VICTOR RED SEAL ALBUMS MEAN MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ANY LONGHAIR

BRAHMS—Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68—Stokowski and the Hollywood Bowl Symphony. Of non-breakable, translucent, red plastic. V-DV-4 **11.40**

BEETHOVEN—Appassionata: Sonata in F minor, Op. 57—Artur Rubinstein, pianist. Of non-breakable, translucent, plastic. V-DV-3 **7.19**

HAYDN—Symphony No. 98 in B-flat—Toscanini and the NBC Symphony. M-DM-1025 **5.09**

BACH—Goldberg Variations—Wanda Landowska, harpsichordist. M-DM-1022 **7.45**

RACHMANINOFF—Piano Concerto No. 2 in C minor, Op. 18—Artur Rubinstein, pianist with NBC Symphony. M-DM-1075 **6.14**

All prices include Federal Tax—express charges additional. Specify automatic or manual sequence.

G. SCHIRMER

Schirmer's for Everything Musical
3 East 43rd St., New York City 17, MU 2-8100 and 275 Livingston St., Brooklyn 17, MA 4-5170.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BIZET, CARMEN, (Recordrama). Swarthout, Albanese, Merrill, Vinay; RCA Victor Chorale (Shaw); orch. Leinsdorf. Victor M 1078 (6) $6.85 10-*page album insert.*	Striking job of recording. Perfectly balanced, in line with equality of elements—solo, chorus, orch. (*see below*).	A—	*See below.* Shaw's chorus magnificent here, but not very French. Swarthout's mature Carmen is a finished characterization, beautifully sung. Other solos not outstanding.
HANSEL AND GRETEL. Basil Rathbone, Jane Powell, Ted Donaldson; orch. cond. Carmen Dragon. Columbia M 632 (4) $4.85	Studio type recording; "dead" acoustics sound strange for opera music, but good for dramatic show. Recording superb, usual consummate radio technique.	A	Cross between kids' radio show and opera. Real American dialogue, plenty of Humperdinck's orch. music, a few songs; and a witch to make skins crawl! Rathbone's quiet narration welcome, in spite of British accent. Too much *Leitmotiv* stuff.
CHRISTMAS HYMNS* AND CAROLS. RCA Victor Chorale, Robert Shaw. Victor M 1077 (4) $4.85 *(*Note: *these hymns are familiar "carols" known to all.)*	About the best recording ever made here of a capella choral music. Surface imperfections on my copy.	A	Listen to these Xmas hymns and close your ears to all other versions! A world away from the average or department store rendition.—But carols are overdone; too many tricks. Hymns are best.
COPLAND SONATA (1941) for piano; OUR TOWN SUITE. Leo Smit. Concert Hall Society Limited Edition. (4 *pl.*) *(subscription only)*	Ultra-realistic, high fidelity. Piano tone somewhat hard, bit weak in bass. Fine surfaces. (*Note*: plastic is good for piano, shellac bad: sustained-tone media cover up shellac's hiss, piano doesn't.)	AA *plastic*	One of Copland's most significant works; concentration of the Copland musical thought minus popular slant of his orch. works. Difficult but rewarding. "Our Town" of less interest, but good supplement. (*2nd in series; see SRL Oct.* 26.)
BEETHOVEN, PATHETIQUE SONATA, op. 13. Rudolf Serkin. Columbia M 648 (3) $3.85	Restrained unresonant recording. Not bad for Serkin's playing.	A—	Quick-fingered, modest sincere, with typical Serkin nervousness. Interesting contrast to Balogh's heavier version (SRL Oct. 5).
PROKOFIEFF, ROMEO AND JULIET SUITE No. 2. Moscow State Philh. Prokofieff. DISC 724 (6 *plastic*)....$15 DISC 724S (6 *shellac*) $8.78	A strange, uneven recording; varies from very good to fuzzy. Some sides seem to have more highs than others. Sounds well on a good machine. Vinylite excellent between imperfections. Shellac more even.	AA to B— *plastic* B+ *shellac*	This major work, issued last spring on vinylite at $15, now released cheaply on shellac. Much of it of great interest, especially with the composer conducting. Well worth a try at the lower price.
BUT MUFFIN COULD *HEAR*! (adapted from Country Noisy Book). Norman Rose, sound effects. Young People's Record Club. (*Subscription*)	(Pre-school age group.) What a small dog hears on trip to country: really professional material, excellent for small kids. Leisurely; relies on suggestion by sound effects. Questions ("what was *that?*") for child to answer. No music. Good recording on quiet plastic. Sound effects amateurish at times. (See *SRL* Nov. 23).		

CARMEN STEALS THE SHOW

THE record business began with opera, perforce. It took Caruso's lungpower to blast music onto the old acoustical records. But the tradition of excerpting operatic arias, slicing them away from the dramatic context of stage, orchestra, chorus, of plot and atmosphere has done great damage to our conception of opera itself. For forty years records have continued to give us this one-dimensional, adramatic opera from the ego's view—the solo voice with perfunctory background accompaniment—and even opera in the flesh has been affected.

Not often do we see and hear opera as it was meant to be, a uni-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fied dramatic show where many elements (soloists are only one) join in a common dramatic impact, where the principals are buoyed up and supported by the dramatic force of other elements. Too often, our soloists pull the show along behind them or let it drop flat. They are largely unsupported. Scenery and acting are for some reason minimized, as though they really don't matter. The orchestra—vital element—is sometimes as perfunctory as the scenery. And the opera chorus, no chorus at all but a weary group of would-be soloists, nullifies with its singing some of the most exciting dramatic potential in opera. Opera in this fashion is only a sequence of excerpts.

It takes a real performance to show up this creeping decay, and Victor's new Carmen "recordrama" does it. The album is hardly short of revolutionary. Here, on records perversely, is real opera, a whirlwind show, with a fine orchestra, soloists, an extraordinary chorus, all carried away by the excitement of the show itself. And above all the chorus, which is out in front every moment it sings, enormously increases the dramatic effectiveness. Listen to these records, and write your local opera company, quick!

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

A Teller of Tales

THE MAGICIAN AND OTHER STORIES. By Bruno Frank. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 271 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

BRUNO FRANK was one of those German writers who, in 1933, when Hitler came to power, had to leave their country in which there was no more place for a literature "soaked with the poison of humanism" (to use a word of Herr Johst, first president of the Reichskulturkammer, who put Bruno Frank's name among others on the Nazi black list). He died in California, shortly after he had seen the downfall of the Third Reich, amidst the preparations for the writing of a new novel, "Chamford Rehearses His Death," which, judging from the fragment left to us, would have greatly added to the fame of the author of "A Man Called Cervantes."

Now, a year after his death, the finished first chapter of this unfinished novel is published together with nine stories and novelettes, which together make up a volume reflecting once more the richly faceted narrative art of a born teller of tales.

The stories of this collection differ from one another widely in length, theme, and technique. There are, among them, full-grown novelettes, psychological sketches, extended anecdotes, historical portraits, and studies in character. The time and locale range from the eighteenth century to our own day, and from Paris and Marakesh to Berlin, Venice, and Vienna.

One of the stories tells of the strange links binding the fate of a Berber from Southern Morocco to a Viennese professor's watch, once the property of the General Postmaster of Istria (now called "Julian March" or "Venezia Giulia" and very much in the news because of the dispute over Trieste).

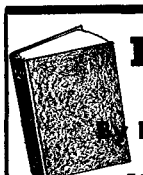
Another anecdote evokes a dream-like meeting with *the* unknown woman "from whom, out of all the store of earthly pleasure" the narrator "could have received the pleasure alloted to him" . . . but did not, because "people often say that everything beautiful comes too late in life, but this came too early." A third one is a brilliant stage anecdote with a tragic climax. A fourth deals with the old yet ever new problem of crime and punishment. A fifth presents us with a surprising answer to the question: "What is a man's greatest experience in life?" Yet variegated as these stories are, they all are united by one common trait: they are told in the manner of the classical novelette whose author, in person or disguised as narrator, appears to sit in the center of a friendly circle of attentive listeners to whom he conveys the odd events, the marvelous adventures, the strange discoveries, the curious reflections, and the amazing encounters which give expression to his talent.

In a short—and unimportant—introduction Mr. Somerset Maugham has little to say about Bruno Frank but repeats again the thesis that "the object of fiction is neither to preach nor to instruct, but to entertain, and . . . the honest short-story writer tells stories for one reason only—because it amuses him to tell stories." This seems especially out of place when applied to an author who fully appreciated and mastered the art of entertaining, and yet considered an intensely instructive and didactic novelette—"Politische Novelle"—his major achievement in the field of story telling.

YOUR PERSONAL
choice of books
OUR PERSONAL
service to you
will make a very
PERSONAL CHRISTMAS

The Personal Book Shop
95 ST. JAMES AVENUE
BOSTON 17 MASSACHUSETTS
Send mail orders to Dept. G.

NEW ALBUMS FOR GIFTS!
SHAKESPEARE: HAMLET
Maurice Evans
Six excerpts, including, of course, Hamlet's Soliloquy: "O, All Ye Host of Heaven". 3-12" records. MM 651 $4.05*
HANSEL & GRETEL (HUMPERDINCK)
Basil Rathbone
With Jane Powell and Ted Donaldson, orchestra conducted by Carmen Dragon. 4-12" records. MM 632 $5.10*
*Plus City Sales Tax in N.Y.C.
Please add 60¢ for packing and shipping in the U.S.
We carry a complete stock of all recordings. Write for catalog of Records, Appliances, Cameras and Gifts.
RABSONS MAILMART DEPT. 33
111 W. 52nd St. New York 19
CI. 7-0069


BUSINESS LAW
Richard S. Bowers
A USEFUL BOOK FOR BUSINESS PEOPLE
Third edition, seventh printing. Standard textbook in College courses on Business Law in many states.
Clear presentation of thousands of elementary points of law. Contains about two-thirds of the principles of law studied by law school students.
Book includes text, supplemented by cases, forms, Uniform Sales Act, Negotiable Instruments Law, and Partnership Act. *521 Pages*
Shipped postpaid to you. On "Sale and return" **$3.50**
WETHERBEE-RICH, INC.
80 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass.
MAIL COUPON TODAY!

WETHERBEE-RICH, INC. F
80 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass.
Please send me postpaid.....copies of BUSINESS LAW. Enclosed is my check for $.....in payment which is to be returned to me if I do not wish to retain the book after 10 days examination.
Name.....
Address.....
.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas, 1946

CHRISTMAS again on the Island of Manhattan! The chimes ringing out over Fifth Avenue from St. Thomas's Church and over Riverside Drive from the Rockefeller Tower, the huge spruce tree with its pastel balloons of light in Radio City, the shop windows accenting the Christmas colors—red and green and gold, the scent of balsam boughs piled in front of the florists' shops and the grocery stores, the crowds of hurrying people, their arms filled with bundles. What book have you selected for the child whose Christmas is your chief concern? It is important because the book that is associated with the mystery and the joy of Christmas is forever remembered. It should have the look of something that is precious and the value of something whose value is permanent. In selecting it, it might be wise to forget what you want the children to *learn* and remember only what you want them to *enjoy*. It is in stories and in music that we find most vividly those qualities that are forever associated with the stable in Bethlehem—joy and peace.

To have for your own a book that satisfies your longing for beauty and adventure, to hear or to sing the music that for centuries has glorified the birth of the Christ Child—that is to celebrate Christmas. Many boys and girls in the world will be this year without either books or music. It is good to know that in the last two years nearly seven hundred Treasure Chests of bright new books have gone to the children of many countries from the children of America. To many far-away towns and villages they will bring at least a small sense of the Christmas spirit of sharing—and giving. *The Saturday Review of Literature* wishes a very Merry Christmas to all the boys and girls everywhere who find a good book under their Christmas Tree.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

Little Polish Girl

MARTA THE DOLL. By Eloise Lownsbery. Illustrated by Marya Werten. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1946. 118 *pp.* $2.

Amid the silence of the solemn night,
Sound the angels singing.
Lo, the King of Light!
Rouse, O shepherds, haste with singing,
Christ has come, salvation bringing,
Born at Bethlehem.

THIS is the carol that the village boys sang when they came to the farm in the Tatra Mountains of Poland where little Hanka and her doll, Marta, lived. The true essence of Christmas is in this scene; the red fir tree with its tiny candles, its red-cheeked apples, its gingerbread saints; the holy wafer which father broke and shared with his family "over a wish"; the good, hot soup "full of red beets and yellow noodles and dark, dried mushrooms"; the twelve hot dishes, one for each of the twelve Apostles; the first star shining in the cold blue sky.

Marta, who was dearer to Hanka than anything else that she possessed, had been lost in the snow. It was on this Christmas Eve that Burek, the shepherd dog, found her and brought her back. Hanka thought that Burek had been inspired to find her by the Queen of Heaven whose image in a blue robe stood on the shelf. "She promised to bring her back to me. She waited for the Star-Night, for Christmas Eve, just to surprise me."

It is a happy ending to a story that is curiously moving, and yet gay and colorful. Hanka goes to a wedding where she dances with Marta. She takes the long, breath-taking climb to the high pastures where Jasiek, her brother, is spending the summer guarding the sheep. She listens to a Christ-legend told by her grandmother and to two Polish folktales. There is warm affection and trust in Hanka's family. Each one does his share of the work, each one enters joyously into the festivities. In the background is the solemn beauty of the mountains and the steadfast love of country. There is a poignant quality in this story of a people who are living under a shadow, and who yet find happiness in simple things.

The drawings by the artist whose native country this is are both decorative and illustrative. They have humor and vitality. M. G. D.

Nativity Story

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED. By Marguerite Vance. Illustrated by Nedda Walker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. No paging. $1.

IT IS a real achievement to take the Christmas story, with all its familiarity, and tell it once more in a form that has vitality and freshness. The author of this small volume has done exactly that. She has accomplished it, furthermore, with charm and insight which is reinforced by the appealing illustrations. The result is a delightful little book, small enough to slip into a Christmas stocking, but full of character and individuality. Her method is simply to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tell the tale, in the tone and manner of a storyteller, from the point of view of a little boy, Obed, son of Elias the potter, who lives in the Bethlehem district.

Elias finds that old friends of his, Joseph and Mary of Nazareth, have come to Bethlehem along with many others for the taxing. At once we feel the impact of events of Obed's family. Obed himself is, however, downcast. His father has decreed that his beloved donkey, Cephus, is too old to be useful and must be destroyed. Obed is heartbroken, but through the action of the story Cephus is brought to the stable where Joseph and Mary and the Child are, and to which Elias and his family are guided by the Star. As a gift to Mary, Cephus will carry the Child and his mother into Egypt. This makes Obed happy again. The story ends with him at peace, filled with reverence for the happenings of the night and joyful in his heart.

Cephus, in this little story, is a real character made more appealing by the illustrations. Thus Mrs. Vance and Nedda Walker make a fresh and interesting story out of the Christmas legend by leading us to see and feel its significance through the eyes and heart of a little boy and an old, friendly donkey. This little book will have a warm welcome as a Christmas gift. MARION C. DODD.

Cinderella and Others

ALL THE FRENCH FAIRY TALES. By Charles Perrault. Retold, with a Foreword, by Louis Untermeyer. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. New York: Didier. 1946. 96 *pp.* $3.

THE nine fairy tales attributed to Charles Perrault, the seventeenth-century French poet and lawyer, are edited here from the original by the twentieth-century poet Louis Untermeyer, who writes for them a brief foreword. The most distinctive thing about the book, however, is the reproduction in gravure of twenty-eight of the Doré drawings, made almost a century ago. It is the drawings of the forests in "Puss-in-Boots" and in "The Sleeping Beauty" that are, perhaps, best remembered by an older generation. Those great, dark trees, almost meeting overhead with the towers of a castle rising above them make an impression that is never really erased. Grandmothers and grandfathers, turning these pages, will recall the thrill that the pictures gave them more years ago than they care to count.

They are printed in a dark blue ink on dead-white paper. The type is large and clear, and the margins wide. A particularly well-designed title page shows Puss-in-Boots surrounded by a crowd of villagers who are bowing before him. Every storyteller makes an adventure out of his choice of a translation of these particular stories. Knowing them in the original, one seeks a wording that has the subtlety, the delicate humor of their first telling. To this reviewer, Walter de la Mare's "Puss-in-Boots" and "Cinderella" are by far the best. This version is particularly for the children—to read to themselves. The golden cover with its fine reproduction of Donkeyskin sitting beside the spring with her lambs around her makes this book look as precious as it is. M.G.D.

Goodies in Miniature

THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS TREE. By Emma L. Brock. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. *No paging.* $1.25.

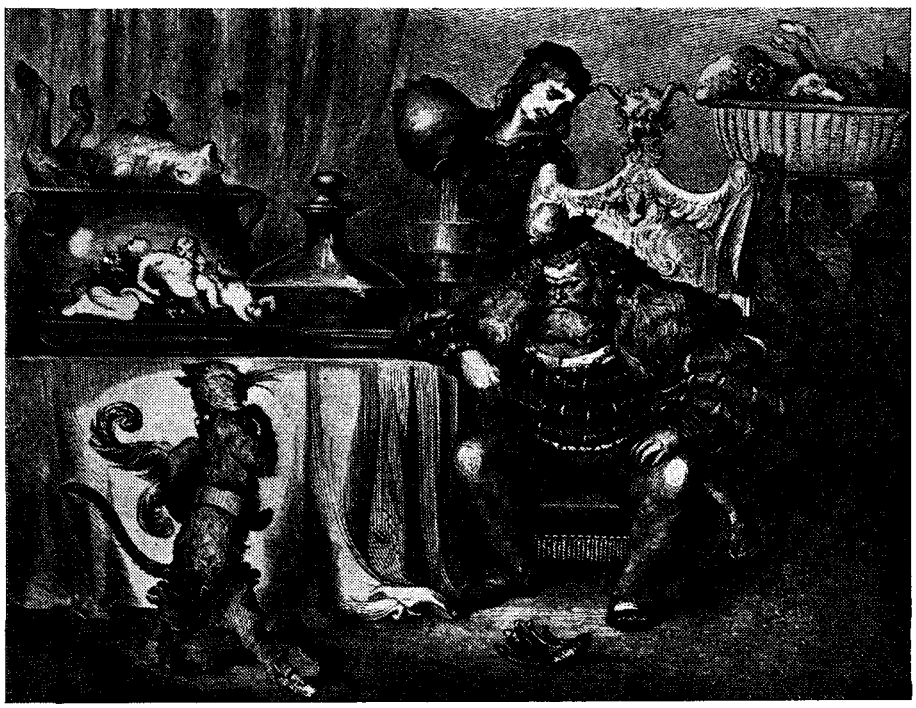
THIS little book is one of the smallest of the volumes that the younger children will find under their Christmas tree. They will like the story of the birds, who find, to their surprise and delight, a tiny Christmas tree set out in the snow for their special delectation by thoughtful human hands. Popcorn hangs on its branches, and cranberries and all the things that birds like best. Miss Brock evidently knows just what birds stay with us during the winter. Perhaps the children, reading this, will want to share their own Christmas goodies with the feathered creatures who fly by their windows. M. C. D.

Twelve Medieval Tales

PRINCE GODFREY: KNIGHT OF THE STAR OF THE NATIVITY. By Halina Gorska. Illuminated by Irena Lorentowicz. New York: Roy Publishers. 1946. 207 *pp.* $3.

THESE twelve tales of a medieval prince are told by the court astrologer, Johannes Sarabandus. Twelve prophecies he makes of the future of the baby prince. And all twelve are realized in this unusual story. Godfrey is imprisoned as a child by his wicked and ambitious uncle. The birds free him and take him on their outspread wings to a far place where he becomes a shepherd. He has a violin, and his music has the power to make people who listen gay or sad, to make them dance or sink into a peaceful sleep. He frees the little Princess Roxana from a depression that is slowly sapping her vitality and gains the complete confidence of her father, King Sigmund. He is made a knight, then the chief guard of King Sigmund's household. His fearlessness and strength give him immunity from the forces of evil, like the werewolf and the witch, and even the devil himself in the form of a restorer of precious stones.

And in the end he uses the magic power that has been given him in gratitude by a princess of the sea and by Vivian the sorceress to defeat and destroy his uncle. He claims his kingdom, and then hands it over to Roland the Upright, who has supported him all through the struggle. Then Godfrey marries his Roxana, and we leave



—From "All the French Fairy Tales."

Puss-in-Boots and the Ogre.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them "strolling through an enchanted garden."

This story is like the old epic tales in that Godfrey's power lies in his courage and his purity and in the music that he makes. He is like the Knights of the Round Table, or like the minstrel, Vainamoinen, in the Finnish "Kalevala." The translation is a bit "flowery," but it has a touch of humor, and the word pictures are often very beautiful. Irena Lorentowicz's illustrations give the book great distinction. Her chapter headings and some of the full-page drawings are printed in black and red. There are four drawings in full, jewel-like colors that make one think of medieval murals, like the ones in the old churches of Poland that this artist helped restore. Illustrations, type and binding, the use of dark red ink give Godfrey's story the look of a medieval manuscript of something precious preserved from the past. It is a book whose value will remain constant as the years go by. It will bring, this year, beauty and dignity to the Christmas festival. M. G. D.

Surmounting Trouble

OLD CON AND PATRICK. By Ruth Sawyer. Illustrated by Cathal O'Toole. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 138 *pp.* $2.

PATRICK lived with Old Con, his grandfather, and Maggie, his mother, in a little house in a college town. Old Con was keeper of the grounds for the university and everyone knew him. When Patrick and his mother came to live there Patrick "was running everywhere, quick like a rabbit"; but the dreaded infantile paralysis struck. Now his legs were in iron braces and he walked on

—*From "Old Con and Patrick."*

crutches. It was hard for the three of them there in the cottage. Things began to get better when Dr. Harvey brought a sad-faced dachshund puppy to Patrick. McPherson, they called him. Then Old Con found a baby bluejay under a tree on the campus. He was crippled too, one leg doubled up under him. But under Patrick's care he grew and grew. Then Bill, the Bird Man, came along and he did more to make life happy and secure for Patrick than anyone—except Old Con. He taught Patrick to draw and paint the birds, he took him in his car to the swimming pool where he could strengthen the muscles of his legs, he encouraged him to come to the university museum and even to give a little lecture there on Funny's clever ways. The stories that Old Con tells him have the true rhythm of the Celtic storyteller. One can hear Ruth Sawyer's voice telling them.

Drawings in black and white make the chapter headings and there is a frontispiece and jacket in full color.

M. G. D.

Story in Verse

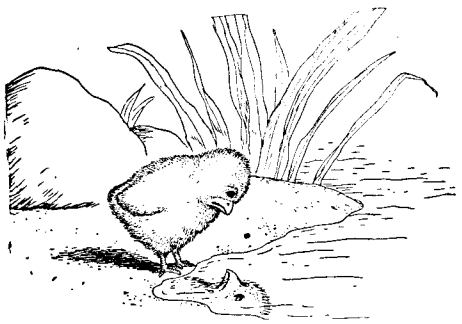
THE CHICKEN BOOK. By Garth Williams. New York: Howell, Soskin. 1946. 31 *pp.* $1.50.

A PICTURE book with its cover and end-papers in the clear, bright yellow of a very young chicken tells the story in verse of five little chickens who each want something different and are rather puzzled about getting it until their mother shows them how to scratch. The chickens are very amusing, and the background of farm and meadow, printed in soft greens and blues, is charming. M. G. D.

Mexican Christmas

PEDRO: THE ANGEL OF OLVERA STREET. By Leo Politi. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 34 *pp.* $1.75.

THIS book is dedicated to the children of Olvera Street in Los Angeles. It tells of Pedro who lived there and "sang like an angel" while his grandfather played on his violin. It tells of the good Mexican food that was cooked on Olvera Street, and the bright pottery, and the things of wood and leather that the men and women of Olvera Street made with their hands. It tells of the Posada, the Christmas procession, that wound its way through Olvera Street for nine nights before the birthday of the Christ Child, of the Christmas pinata—a poetry vessel in the shape of a great bird—that was filled with toys and candies and hung in Olvera Street. It tells how Christmas came and the house doors were thrown open to the Posada, how the pinata was broken by a stroke from Pedro's stick and the toys and candies fell into the eager hands of the children. In picture after picture, all in deep, rich color, it shows these festive things



—*From "The Chicken Book."*

in the smallest detail. It even gives the songs with their music that Pedro sang on Christmas night in Olvera Street. This is a gay, satisfying book for Christmas—or for any other time in the year. M. G. D.

Mayan Doll

GIFT OF THE EARTH. By Pachita Crespi. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 35 *pp.* $1.25.

JOSE, in Costa Rica, found a clay doll in the fields on Christmas Eve. It had lain in the earth for a long, long time. José took it home and gave it to his three little daughters as a Christmas gift from the Christ Child. Months later a man stopped at the door and they showed him the doll. Looking at it carefully, he found that under the clay, it was made of pure gold. It had come from a Mayan grave and was valuable not only for its gold but for its history. He would put the doll, he told them, in a great museum in one of the North American cities where it would be guarded day and night and admired by people from all over the world. Not long after he went away with the doll, an airplane came to Costa Rica and delivered a large package to Pedro. In it were three beautiful dolls —one for each of the *chiquitas*. This is a little book, illustrated in bright, primary colors.

Making Rainbows

THE SEA IS BLUE. Written and Illustrated by Marie A. Lawton. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 128 *pp.* $2.

THIS is the story of Timothy Daniel Burney, the son and grandson and great-grandson of men who "went down to the sea in ships." Timothy lived with his uncle, who was a Captain, in a little house that stood close to the water. He was lonely at times, but on the whole he was happy. He wanted to be a pirate, and most of all, he wanted to go to sea. But his father had died in a great storm within sight of the little

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gray cottage and Uncle Captain hoped that Timothy would turn away from the sea. So he did his lessons with Parson Meigs and played occasionally, although it rather bored him, with the boys and girls of the village. The only one he really cared for was Cecilia, whose hair was as golden as the sunrise. It was to her that Timothy told Uncle Captain's secret of making rainbows. You made them out of anything that you happened to see, but when you began to make one, you must finish it, identifying in some object within your vision the six colors —red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet. It was fun to discover that Cecilia's eyes supplied the blue for one rainbow, and her hair the yellow. It took Timothy a long, long time to find the red in her lips. But he did, in the end. And he went to sea in his own ship, too. When he came back, he and Cecilia were married and Grandpa Bent danced, as he had always said he would, at their wedding.

There is a haunting quality in this story. The sound of the sea is in the wording. You can smell the sea all through it just as Timothy sniffed those strange exotic scents of the things Miss Mollie's father had brought back from the East. The people have those qualities that come to men and women who have always lived beside the sea and have gained their livelihood from it. This atmosphere is accented by the drawings—delicate designs printed in gray and a deep, sea-blue. It is a beautiful book, and a story that one will not forget.

M. G. D.

Wayward Coati

NARIZONA'S HOLIDAY. By Addison Burbank and Covelle Newcomb. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1946. 155 *pp.* $2.

THIS is a story of Ocotlan in Mexico where Chepe, the son of a dealer in linens, meets the little coati, Narizona. She belongs to the clowns in a circus, but her wayward behavior angers them and they give her to Chepe. Narizona is very attractive, but she is mischievous and troublesome. Chepe's father gives her to an American who takes her, as a gift, to some friends who live on a ranch ten miles from the city. Chepe starts off alone to find her. He reaches the ranch, and risks his life climbing up on the roof of the chapel so that he can watch Narizona in the patio. In the end he wins back the little coati and they go happily home again.

Addison Burbank has drawn some very interesting pictures of Chepe and Narizona against the background of Mexico.

M. G. D.

—*From "Rommany Luck."*

New York Glorified

THE BOATS ON THE RIVER. By Marjorie Flack. Pictures by Jay Hyde Barnum. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 31 *pp.* $2.50.

A LARGE picture book, printed in full color with a deep, rich blue predominating, tells in rhythmic prose about the boats on a river that runs down from the mountains to the sea. The city is New York, but it is a sort of glorified New York. The artist's perspective brings the mountains up the Hudson nearer, so that they, too, seem to come down to the sea. It gives a very lovely skyline to the pictures. Most of the boats will be familiar to boys and girls who live on the island of Manhattan; the steamboats that travel up the Hudson, the ferryboats that cross to New Jersey and Staten Island, the great ocean liners, the tug boats, the little motor boats and sailboats, the "Victory" freighters, the submarines and battleships. The sailors go to the zoo in Central Park, stroll along the streets, and pay visits to people in the houses. But the boats stay on the river. Darkness comes and, in a particularly lovely picture, we see them against the night sky.

This story will be at its best when it is read aloud. But boys and girls will want to own the book because the pictures are so unusual. It will make a grand Christmas present.

M. G. D.

Famous Horse

HOLIDAY. Story and Pictures by Wesley Dennis. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 61 *pp.* $2.

IN a long, narrow book that gives lots of room for fine drawings the creator of *Flip* tells the story of a famous horse who became "the greatest jumper in the world." He won so many Blue Ribbons that the door of his stable was covered with them. He was taken to New York, where he won again and again. Holiday became slightly tired of all the fuss and excitement. Being a famous favorite was not all that he had pictured it. But when they asked him to come to Madison Square Garden and jump for a benefit performance that would give old and worn out horses green pastures and peace for the rest of their lives, he enjoyed it. He liked being a benefactor. The drawings of Holiday are stunning. In the last one, he is standing under the spotlight in the Garden, fully conscious of the applause and of his fame. It is a picture that this reviewer would like to frame and hang on the wall.

M. G. D.

Elizabethan Gypsies

ROMMANY LUCK. By Patricia Gordon. Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 206 *pp.* $2.

THE author of "The Boy Jones" has chosen quite a different setting this time. The scene of that story was Buckingham Palace and Cheapside. The scene here is with the gypsies along the roads and in the villages of England under Queen Elizabeth. It is the story of a gypsy boy, Orlando, and his dog, Sandor. It tells of the capture of the gypsies, including Orlando's family, by Sir Walter Broadlands who hated them, of Orlando's brave attempt to free them, and of his final success. There are some exciting adventures, among them a scene with the queen surrounded by her court. There are effective chapter-headings in black and white.

M. G. D.

Erratum

The new edition of Post Wheeler's "Russian Wonder Talets" (The Beechhurst Press) was priced in the November 9 *SRL* at 50c instead of $3.50.

The Christmas Book for Young People

Mehitabel: Girl Pioneer

by NETTIE WOLCOTT PARK, *popular author*

A frontier story of brave children, human kindness and humor; authentic new glimpses of the middle west during the dramatic expansion period in American history.

Beautifully illustrated, color jacket, $2.75

At all book stores

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY

Publishers ***Boston 8***

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Phoenix Nest

THE GOBLIN WOOD

OUR life is but a goblin wood
Where nothing is what it would seem.
Discerned, but dimly understood,
The deed lurks hidden in the dream.

Those visits, beckoning, which charm
Us down green alleys of delight
Fade suddenly; and in alarm
We are alone, and it is night.

With heart and mind appalled, we stand
Uncertain what we are to do.
Till morning come, give me your hand,
Since you are lost and frightened, too.

RAYMOND HOSKEN.

* * *

The Dartmouth College Library has received from an anonymous donor an unusual gift comprising a substantially complete record of the creative activities of a contemporary poet: Genevieve Taggard. The collection when supplemented by a number of items which were already in the library, includes first editions of all books written or edited by Miss Taggard, as well as practically all of the magazine issues in which her poems and her prose writings made their first appearance. Anthologies containing her poems, book reviews, musical settings, manuscripts, and miscellaneous association items complete the gift. The collection will be of particular value to students of literary trends in the last three decades. The reactions of other writers to Miss Taggard's work, and her opinions of many of her contemporaries, afford two consistent approaches to an evaluation of one of the more turbulent eras in the history of letters. Her own growth as a poet, and the development of her critical tastes and interests, are balanced by a great deal of rich evidence of the social unrests which gave form and direction to much of the literature produced since the First World War. There is consistent evidence of Miss Taggard's involvement in the fight for social justice, revealing her as a forthright partisan since her school days of the rights of all underdogs, whether they were individuals, groups, nations, or all humanity. She worked ardently for an understanding of Russia twenty years before the project became imperative official business, and she was one of the first to become fully articulate in support of Loyalist Spain. Her efforts in behalf of the striking quarry workers in Vermont, ten years ago, are revealed in some of the materials included.

* * *

From Ames W. Williams of Alexandria, Virginia, comes the following:

Some weeks ago a correspondent expressed a desire for information about Harris Merton Lyon, a brilliant writer of short stories whose untimely death in 1916 has caused him to be all but forgotten except, perhaps, by a small coterie of bibliophiles who browse in the bypaths of literature.

In a subsequent issue Mr. David Randall supplied a paragraph of information wherein he states, "if memory does not fail me (the book is not at hand for checking) there is an account of him in Vincent Starrett's 'Buried Caesars'."

Unfortunately, there is no account of Lyon in "Buried Caesars." Mr. Randall's mistaken belief is, however, justified. One would expect to find Lyon in Starrett's pantheon.

Having a sustained interest in Lyon's work, I am able to give a few facts about him. He was born in Santa Fe, New Mexico, in 1882, attended the University of Missouri and followed a free lance writing career with interludes as a correspondent for *Collier's* and as a drama critic. His stories appeared in the following magazines over a period of approximately twelve years (1904-1916): *American, Broadway, Canadian, Century, Collier's, Country Life, Forum, Hampton's, McClure's,* and *Reedy's Mirror.* Undoubtedly his stories and sketches also appeared in many other contemporary periodicals. There is little extant evidence of earlier writing except for a poem (he wrote many) which appears in an anthology of Missouri University fraternity verse. Lyon died in June 1916 and is survived by his widow and two daughters.

He was at one time associated with Theodore Dreiser and probably contributed to the *Delineator* during Dreiser's editorship. William Marion Reedy was a close friend and many of Lyon's stories are immured in the old files of the *Mirror.*

His first collection of stories was published under the title of "Sardonics" by the Stuyvesant Press in 1909. This volume was subsequently reprinted. His second and only other book, "Graphics," was published by Reedy in 1913. Both volumes had small printings and are, consequently, present-day rarities.

It is regrettable and somewhat remarkable that the current anthologists and reprint publishers have not discovered him. To those readers who may have the inclination, I suggest that they take down from their shelves O'Brien's "Best Short Stories of 1915" and read "The Weaver Who Clad the Summer."

* * *

One who desires to be anonymous took a look at the faces of some scientists in a recent *Life*—he calls 'em

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MEETING BY MOONLIGHT *Raymond Knotts* (Crime Club: $2.)	Husband of predatory aviatrix shot in Bucks County farmhouse. His lawyer also expires violently. Death strikes again before Jim Hale elucidates.	Extra-marital intrigue and sinister skulduggery in Penna. and Westchester keep newspaperman 'tec and police stepping through torrid and tangled situations.	Run-of-the-mill
WHO RIDES A TIGER *Doris Miles Disney* (Crime Club: $2.)	Girl's investigation of deceased great-aunt's diaries leads to long post-facto deducing by family friend and some amazing discoveries.	Frequent flash-backs into blighted life of embittered spinster are atmospherically agreeable. "Solution" carefully hidden—and it takes considerable believing.	Odd
THE BAND PLAYED MURDER *Edith Howie* (Mill: $2.)	New girl vocalist for Midwestern dance band runs smack into double-murder, solved mainly by members of the outfit.	Portraits of musicians are interesting and revealing—especially their love-lives. Plethora of helpful sleuths rather confusing.	Fair
PICK YOUR VICTIM *Pat McGerr* (Crime Club: $2.)	Marine in Aleutians gets scrap of newspaper describing Washington, D. C., murder. Killer's name given; killee's torn off—so boys start guessing.	Best mystery idea in years. Flashback tale of fantastic capital bureau adroitly handled and puzzle coheres until last revealing pages.	Get it!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"that damned tribe of atomizers"—and dashed off the following:

Scientists all look alike,
They have spectacles and sharp noses,
Their humor is thick as a dyke,
And they pose at having no poses.

Frankly, I will have none of them,
Their skill or the Black Death around it;
I venture to say there's not one of them
But left the world worse than he found it.

. . . I only know one scientist slightly, Dr. Harlow Shapley, the Harvard astronomer, who recently, and quite properly, told Representative Rankin of Mississippi what his tactics reminded the Harvard astronomer of—and I can vouch for the fact that *he* has a considerable sense of humor!

* * *

Several of my readers have been beguiled by the name of that "beautiful little lake in the town of Webster, Massachusetts," as mentioned by Roger A. Johnson on November 2nd. The following from Los Angeles, California, is the best of these responses:

Lake Chan Ga Gogg, Etc.

A Johnson guy, of Jackson Heights
L. I., says "My! I'm in a fog!
(It's worse than itch: it's worse than love—)
I need twelve rhythmic wights
(At least) whom I shall ply with grog
And set to sing the beauties of
Lake Chan go goggman chau go gogg chan bu
na gun
ga mogg!

This lovely spot!—with H_2O
Up-brimming here in Webster, Massachusetts, haunt of cooing dove
And eke of braying ass:
Mosquito: tourist: pollywog:
Who'll sing for me?—of how I love
Lake Chan go gogg man chau go gogg chanbu
na gun
ga mogg!

HELEN MULHALL.

* * *

Mr. Hunt Does a Backflip

That taxi missed me when I stepped
Bravely through the intersection,
Though it chased me as I leapt
Frantically in each direction.
Say I'm feeble, say I'm lame,
Need a wheel chair to assist me;
Say I'm old, but just the same
That taxi missed me!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH.

* * *

. . . Enough now of th' artillery of words!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale, communications of a decorous nature: opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 20c per word. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times, 12c a word; 26 times, 14c a word; 13 times, 17c a word; 6 times, 19c a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

WHEN SENDING IN YOUR SRL CHANGE OF ADDRESS . . . please be sure to include your present address as well as the new one. It will facilitate matters if you send us the address label from a recent issue. Please allow at least 3 weeks for change of address to be effected.

"FOCUS," Australian monthly for the intelligent, bright and informative. Good link for U. S. servicemen. Annual sub., $3.00. "Focus," P. O. Box 1713P, Melbourne, Australia.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.46 per carton; postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

EASTERN MIDDLE-AGED BACHELOR invites correspondence from contemporaries regarding adventurous living. Box 547-S.

RETURNED VETERAN, 33 with extraordinary musical background and business experience, would be interested in operating record department for bookstore or department store. Box 548-S.

FREE, our November list of books on World Affairs. Book Service, 410 Riverside Dr., N. Y. 25, N. Y.

ARTICLES, BOOKS, FICTION, PLAYS, MARKETED. *Free reading. Bertha Klausner, 130 East 40 Street, New York 16.*

ROMANTIC CAPE COD BOOKS. "Cape Cod Holiday," $2.50—100 pictures, articles. "Deep Harvest," novel, $2.50. "Recipes from Cape Cod Kitchen," $1.75. "Cape Cod in Pictures," $1.75. "Yankee Boy," (humor), $2.50. "Cape Cod Doctor," (biography), $2.00. "Grandma Sez," (Homespun Philosophy), $2.00. Mail orders filled. N. E. Book Co., Silver Lake P. O., Mass.

EASTERN COLLEGE WOMAN, high qualifications; ideals; appreciate middle-aged correspondent. Box 551-S.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut, quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

GUADALCANAL ROUND-TRIP (the story of a Red Cross Field Director). Printed by Princeton University Press. Order autographed copies from author, Alfred S. Campbell, Lambertville, New Jersey. $2.00.

HELP FOUND a great magazine "both timely and timeless." Join the Committee of One Hundred. Box 903-P.

IS THERE A LASSIE OF CHARM who loves Hebrew poetry? I would love to hear from her. Box 552-S.

LOVE HAUNTED HOUSES? Memorabilia about these and other Yankee delights can be found in "It's An Old New England Custom" by Edwin Valentine Mitchell. Illustrated with quaint cuts. Send check or money order ($2.75) to your bookseller or to Vanguard, 424 Madison Ave., New York 17.

IDEAS WANTED! Can you suggest now, execute next summer, a stimulating program of adult cultural activity for a resort hotel already distinguished for cleverly planned, superlative food, vacation facilities and services, high rates, and keen, dignified, friendly guest-interest? Must be exciting, outstanding, newsworthy. Write: Edgar V. M. Gilbert, The Grand View Hotel at Lake Placid, New York. P. S.: Other jobs open, too.

PERSONALS

TALK FRENCH IN 3 MONTHS. Also advanced. Parisian. CO 5-7590, 9-5 weekdays. N. Y. C.

MATURE EASTERNER, artist, interested country living, antiques, music, literature, would like to correspond with woman of similar tastes. Box 546-S.

ARTIST, male wishes to correspond with happy, successful young female, non-artist. Box 553-S.

WANTED CO-WORKER FOR PLAYWRITING. Woman or man, college grad., intelligent and with will power to have things done, wanted as secretary-collaborator for writing a play. Preferably with experience and success. Write Box 554-S.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed, any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal—business assignments, representations, undertaken. Nation-wide. Officially licensed and Bonded Service. Established 1922. Reasonable. All inquiries confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

YOUNG VETERAN interested in Thomistic philosophy, ancient history and the poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins invites stimulating feminine correspondence. Box 555-S.

ASSISTANT WANTED, part time, literary-academic, New York City area. Box 556-S.

EXPERT FITTING AND ALTERING for ladies. Miss Evans, 79 Washington Place, NYC. Phone for appointment GR 7-1466.

INDEXING. Books, magazines, newspapers. A specialized service at reasonable rates. Your inquiry is solicited. Box 557-S.

LADY, European background, mature, interested in music, all cultural subjects and outdoor life wishes to correspond with gentleman. Box 558-S.

EXPERIENCED EDITOR seeks copy editing, proofreading, ghosting, research, translation from French, Spanish, Italian. GR 3-3028, NYC, mornings.

INTELLIGENT YOUNG LADY, interested in music, literature, the theater, and outdoor life seeks correspondence with mature gentleman. Box 559-S.

ANN FARBER CANDIES, "The Connoisseur's Treat." Chocolates—$2.50 per pound plus postage outside NYC. Purest ingredients—not factory made. Orders delivered—regularly if desired. 362 East 72 Street, N. Y. BU 8-4648.

METROPOLITAN mid-middle-aged male might match minds mit merry Minerva. Box 560-S.

I SEEK SINCERE INTERESTING MALE CORRESPONDENCE with person born in month of June. Box 573-S.

WORRIED about Christmas shopping? Save yourself bother, and delight your friends, with a subscription to Southwest Review. $2.00 a year. S. M. U., Dallas, Texas.

COMPAX—THE FOLDING BICYCLE. A standard bicycle which folds to pack easily in closet, car, boat, train or plane. Columbia-built. Immediate delivery. Folding Cycles, Inc., 29 West 46 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

VETERAN, university music degree, several years business experience, seeks position with concert management, music publishers, or others interested in such training and experience. Box 549-S.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED: mimeographing; superior workmanship. Jene Stern, 347 Madison Avenue, New York, MU 4-0087.

CARTOONISTS' "GAGSTER" Topical Service. Free details. Box 80-S.

AUTHOR, NEWSPAPERMAN, advised reducing pace because ailment, seeks collaborator for research, writing books, articles on various subjects. No novels, poetry. Basis: token pay plus royalties realized. Enough orders, ideas, plans, keep busy for years. Am male, over 50. Collaborator: any race, religion, age, either sex. Excellent opportunity for independent, patient personality possessing a sense of humor, research, literary abilities. Box 454-S.

GOT MARRIED IN OCTOBER. Closed down for a while. Lull's Brook Inn now open again and better than ever. (Stanley still drinks water.) Gouverneur Ogden.

WARTIME AIR-WAC duty in desert, sold me on Southwest. Year back in New York convinced me I wanted no more metropolis. Halted in Texas, seek writer, rancher, mining or oil outfit needing highly competent secretary, varied experience, indomitable disposition. Prefer West Texas or vicinity Tucson. Mallory, Box 750, Dallas, Texas.

(Continued on page 34)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

GENTLEMAN, middle-aged in years but not in outlook, would correspond with lady. Box 568-S.

PROFESSIONAL MATURE WOMAN, interested in art, music, literature, psychology, widely traveled; invites correspondence with cultured mature gentleman. Box 569-S.

LOST IN BIG CITY, country-bred English-French college graduate, unaffected, vivacious, independent, cultural interests, hobby: celtic heraldry, seeks sincere, mature, male correspondent. Box 570-S.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, travelled, versatile, creative in two fields, desires correspondence with liberal, creative and adventurous femme. Box 496-S.

YOUNG EASTERN LADY welcomes correspondence with mature male of fine instincts and interests. Box 572-S.

ARE YOU CLEVER enough to play Qubic, the three dimensional game? A pleasant challenge to the analytical mind. Better stores, or $3.50 postpaid. Duplicon Company, Hopkinton, Mass.

INTELLIGENT WOMAN, accredited with charm and vivacity, interested arts and gracious living, would enjoy masculine correspondence. Box 561-S.

CAT-LOVERS! Revel in the special cat number of National Geographic Magazine, replete with color plates, all breeds, only $2.00 postpaid. Send for free list of cat books, prints, etc. Box 716-Q.

SEE THE NEWEST AND BEST ETCHINGS in Print Survey; the only current magazine about fine prints. Write for subscription details. Print Survey, 1244 Martha Custis Drive, Alexandria, Virginia.

GENTLEMAN needs assistance, writing on Scottish historical matters, genealogy, research, examining old documents. Box 562-S.

MUCH TRAVELLED, now much bored, ex-flyer desires stimulating feminine correspondence. Box 563-S.

SILHOUETTES from life or photographs. Unique gifts. Beatrix Sherman, Silhouettes, 215 West 71 Street, NYC.

SCARCE BOOKS. Box 224-Q.

INSTRUCTOR for short story class wanted by established school of writing. Must be experienced, published author. Box 564-S.

NICE, mature, gentleman in far West invites correspondence with smart, cultured lady. Box 565-S.

ARTIST NEEDS STUDIO APARTMENT, mid-town Manhattan. February through May. References if desired. Box 504-S.

YOUNG WOMAN ARTIST returning from Mexico January 15th, must eat to continue painting, would appreciate part time work compatible with a creative disposition. Have had 6 years business experience. Box 566-S.

LIFELIKE PENCIL PORTRAIT—unusual Xmas gift! Mounted, $5.00. Send photos today. Box 169-S.

MAID OF THE MIDWEST sounds a mail call to morally unvanquished New Dealers. Box 567-S.

ACCOMMODATIONS BERKELEY AREA February to August. Eastern professor (wife, son 16) researching in library. Wife willing share duties. Good cook, good secretary. Box 507-S.

PLENTY OF BACK ROADS, open fires, maple syrup, (mulled cider)!, animals, snow business, good company, even sleigh rides and paid wood-chopping at small, informal Lull's Brook (farm) Inn. RFD 1, Windsor, Vermont. Gouverneur and Ruth Ogden, Proprietors.

EASTERN GIRL, witty, vivacious, intelligent desires correspondence with someone of the male species possessing similar qualities. Box 397-S.

HIS MORALE IS IMPORTANT TO ME! If he doesn't have a place to live he's so miserable I can't eat. Jan. first is the deadline (that's when he has to surrender his present abode). There must be a small apartment in NYC that he can sublet, lease, or what have you? Box 574-S.

YOUNG WOMAN, college, experienced driver wishes position after Jan. 1; travel, companion, secretary. Social and business references. NYC. Box 575-S.

EFFICIENT, CAPABLE WOMAN; 20ies, excellent cook, cultural background, seeks position housekeeper with congenial family same age-group. Box 576-S.

PERSONALS

EX-SOLDIER, 21, French, German, college, business experience, seeks interesting work, NYC. Box 577-S.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Prompt, public stenography. Miss E. Bock, 270 Broadway, Room 700, NYC, WH 4-6480.

DARING YOUNG MAN, weary of Babbitry, desires stimulating correspondence with literate homo sapiens. Box 584-S.

YOUNG LADY, fascinated by the Foreign, would like correspondence with young Europeans. Box 585-S.

REFINED YOUNG WOMAN, five years' stenographic experience, interested in position abroad. Box 578-S.

WILL SINCERE, INTELLIGENT MALE, Zionist, write to unsophisticated Southern female? Box 579-S.

BACHELOR, 50 has two-room apartment Chelsea District, would share congenial person. Box 580-S.

NEW YORK TEACHER, wishes part-time work. Call evenings, BU 7-1951.

MANUSCRIPT TYPED. Forty cents per thousand, free carbon. Louis N. Whitney, 292 Roxbury Street, Roxbury, Mass.

ON AN ISLAND. Not too far from New York Creative Colony. Two houses available for remodeling into year-round apartments. Owner. Box 582-S.

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13 Street, N. Y.

BOOKS FOR SALE

IF YOU HAVE EXHAUSTED Eastern markets in your efforts to locate scarce, unusual, and rare books, why not write to H. H. Evans, Bookseller, 3319 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, California? He has the best stock of used books West of the Mississippi.

MARK TWAIN: "The Letters of Quintus Snodgrass," edited by E. E. Leisy. Ten humorous letters which appeared in an early New Orleans newspaper. Now collected for the first time. $2.00—University Press of Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.

BOOKS

ALFRED F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C. First editions, good books. Books by and about Walt Whitman.

OLD, RARE, RECENT, OUT-OF-PRINT. Large Stock on hand of fiction, literature, Americana, sets occult, biographies, etc. Quotations free. Catalogs issued. Inquiries solicited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP—Mount Vernon, N. Y.

BOOKS ON THE EAST. China, Japan, Indo-China, the East Indies, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, the South Seas, etc. All subjects; all languages. Send for catalogue 128 and supplement, and, if possible, visit our shop where you will see scores of books for every one catalogued. Established 1920. Orientalia, Inc., 47 West 47th St., N. Y. C. 19.

SEND FOR OUR FREE CATALOG. Thousands of good books. Careful attention given to library orders. MIDWEST BOOK COMPANY, 608 West 60 Street, Chicago, Illinois.

LITERARY SERVICES

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Educational, literary, economic, historical investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Expert, reasonable, prompt, Sara Rice, 216 West 102 Street, NYC. RI 9-1644.

MANUSCRIPTS EXPERTLY TYPED. Reasonable. Irene Herlocker. 6346 Jefferson, Hammond, Indiana.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE—Manuscripts excellently typed. Intelligent personal attention. PAULINE RESNIKOFF, 137 East 35 Street, N. Y. C. LE 2-4770.

CLASSIFIED

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT services for all writers, available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, Denver 2, Colorado.

COMPLETE AUTHOR'S SERVICE: manuscript appraisal, editing, marketing, criticism. Profitable guidance for beginners. New clients welcomed. Authors' and Publishers' Service, 31 West 92 Street, New York.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: INTELLIGENT, prompt, inexpensive. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48 St., NYC, PL 3-1364.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books, marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 33 West 42 Street, New York 18, N. Y.

ELEANOR KING literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed. 19 West 44, New York 18.

MANUSCRIPT CRITICISM, EDITING, RE-WRITING. Wide experience. Marie H. Doyle, 341 Madison Avenue, New York 17, MU 6-7096.

AUTHORS ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues, 20c. Books bought.

WE PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

LIBRAIRIE LIPTON. The French Book Shop, 791 Lexington Avenue, New York 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH phonetics, grammar, conversation, diction, by Parisienne. (Sorbonne University) RE 7-4606, N. Y. C.

29 LANGUAGES by LINGUAPHONE. Russian, Spanish, French, German. Direct conversational method for mastering any language quickly, easily, correctly at home. Available under GI Bill of Rights. Send for Free book. Linguaphone Institute, 26 RCA Bldg., New York 20. CI 7-0830.

ALL LANGUAGE PHONOGRAPH COURSES, all makes. Sold, bought, rented. Alin, 475 Fifth Avenue, NYC, MU 3-1093.

LEARN RUSSIAN. Quick modern methods. CH 2-6436. NYC.

LANGUAGE SERVICE CENTER, Div. of Schoenhof's Foreign Books, Inc., Harvard Sq., Cambridge 38, Mass. Established 1936. All record courses. Also books in all languages. Booklet SRL.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "Bookplates," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

RARE, RECENT, AND OLD BOOKS. We can find them. Belwin Book Service, P. O. Box 41, Sunnyside, L. I., N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT Books supplied. Send us your lists. Quick, efficient service. Reasonable prices. Free catalog. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 18870 Marx Avenue, Detroit 3, Michigan.

CHALLENGE US TO LOCATE those "Hard-to-Find" books you want! Spotlight, 141 Broadway, N. Y. C.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann Street. Oldest old book shop in New York.

BOOKS reasonably priced, accurately described in our Catalogue Nineteen. Art, Americana, Californiana, Presses, Pamphlets. Write for free copy. CHARLES YALE, BOOKSELLER, 971 East Green Street, Pasadena 1, California.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 664

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

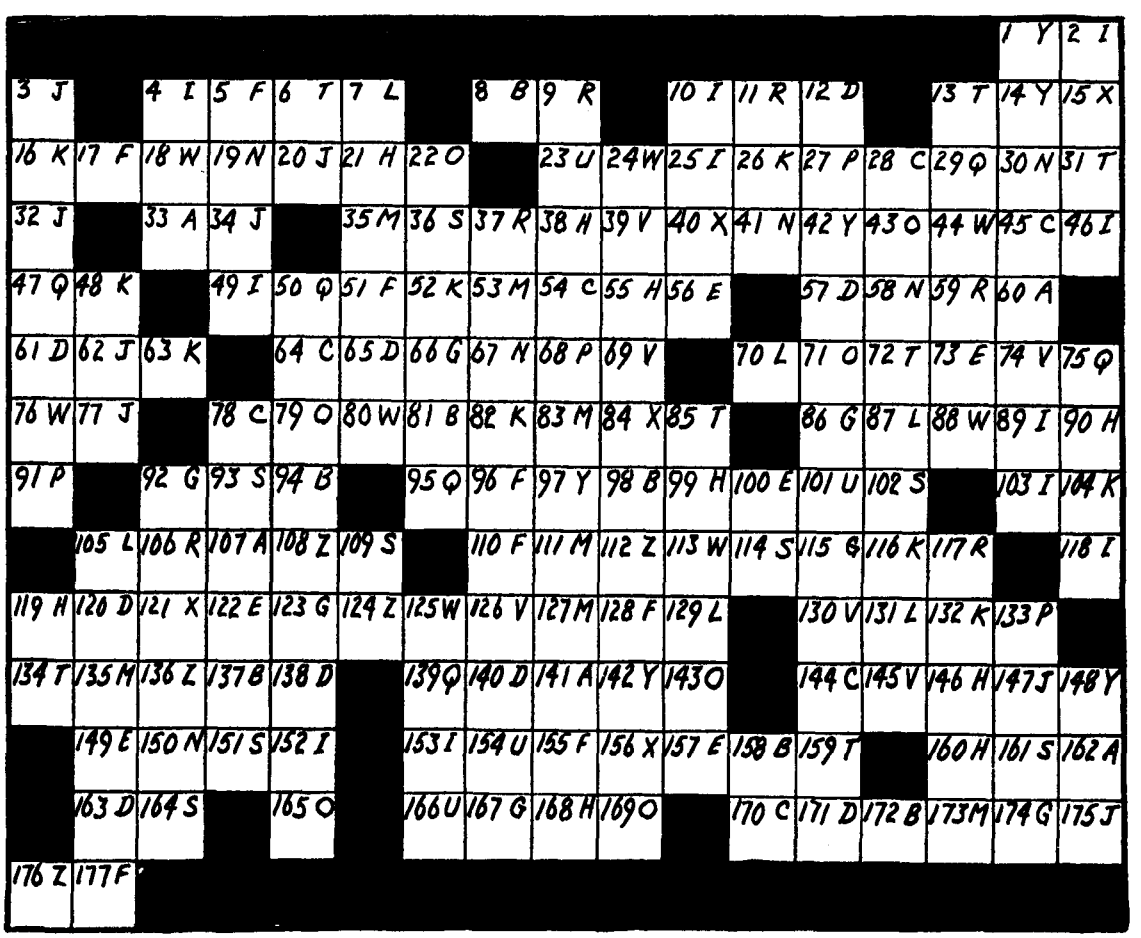
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Fatty matter secreted by certain glands in the corium of the skin.	60 162 33 141 107
B. Controversial.	94 158 137 172 81 8 98
C. Play by Sidney Kingsley based on life in New York City (1935; 2 wds.).	78 144 64 170 45 54 28
D. Ornamental branched candleholder.	120 171 138 163 61 57 140 65 12
E. Father and son, beloved characters in a Dickens novel (last name).	149 56 122 100 157 73
F. First name of father of Cotton Mather.	155 17 110 96 128 5 51 177
G. Light-red variety of American grapes, wine from these grapes.	115 167 92 123 66 86 174
H. Art of governing as a sovereign.	99 21 119 146 55 38 160 168 90
I. Collectively, inhabitants of a college center and students of the college (3 wds.).	10 2 153 152 118 89 49 25 103 4 46
J. Sweet material exuding from the leaves of many plants in hot weather.	20 62 175 77 34 32 147 3
K. A mounted courier.	16 132 63 82 104 26 52 116 48
L. American anthropologist and archeologist (1846-1933).	105 131 87 7 70 129

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Ancient capital of Syria, on the Orontes River.	53 83 173 127 111 35 135
N. Lighthouse or beacon.	41 150 67 30 58 19
O. Son of Eleazar; a high priest of Israel (Bib.: Judges).	22 143 79 43 169 165 71
P. Monetary units of Japan.	68 133 27 91
Q. Famous work of an Italian political philosopher (15-16th cent.; with "The").	95 139 50 75 47 29
R. An Indian macaque.	37 11 59 9 106 117
S. Last name of hero in title of humorous poem by Burns.	36 102 93 114 109 164 151 161
T. Restrains from motion; enchains.	13 85 72 134 31 6 159
U. Scottish Gaelic.	23 154 166 101
V. Seasoned; hardened; experienced.	69 74 130 126 39 145
W. Scantling; joists, collectively.	80 113 88 18 44 125 24 76
X. A stroke or blow, as in a sunstroke (Med.).	15 84 156 121 40
Y. Resembling a hideous, cruel man.	42 142 14 97 148 1
Z. A shellfish that yields mother-of-pearl.	112 108 176 124 136

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U. S. A.

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

Illustrated by REGINALD MARSH

Alfred Kazin has said of this trilogy: " . . . U. S. A. is a national epic, the first great national epic of its kind in the modern American Novel . . . "

In its richness of incident and scene, it resembles a modern ARABIAN NIGHTS. But throughout, there runs an unfailing sympathy for man and the troubles great and small that he gets himself into.

Reginald Marsh, one of America's greatest artist illustrators, has done for this three-volume edition two hundred illustrations in pen and ink, with end-papers and a frontispiece in full color. These pictures are in perfect harmony with the text, and they develop the American scene as a modern Hogarth might do it.

At all bookstores, $12.50 **HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY PUBLISHERS**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED